DANNY KAYE • ERNIE KOVACS • BOB & RAY

MAD

IND

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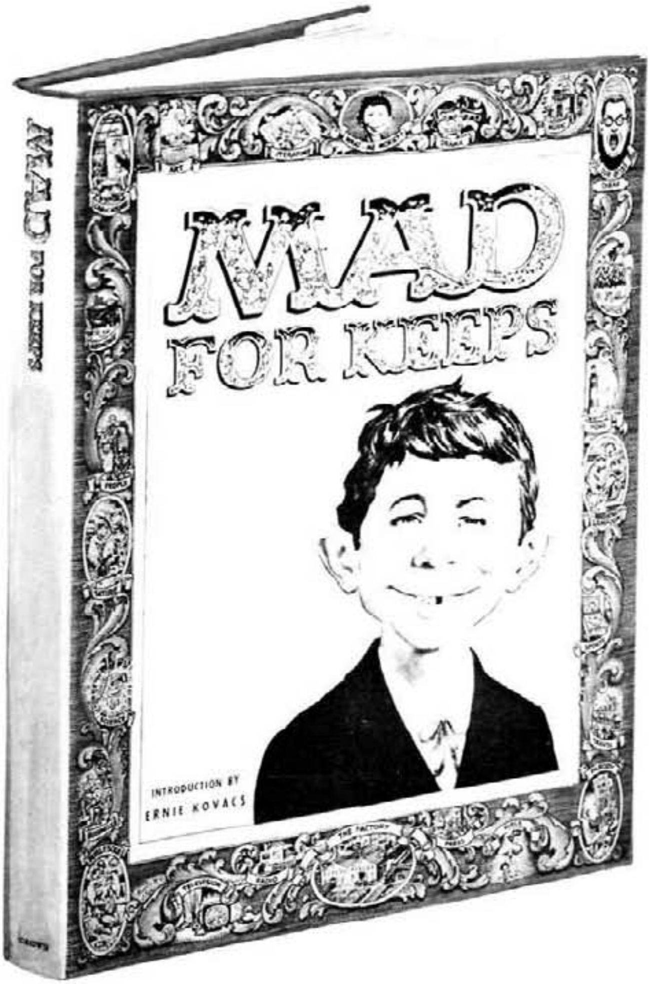
No. 42

November '58



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SECOND PRINTING

. . . ONLY THIS TIME WE USED INK!



A FABULOUS CHANCE FOR ALL NEW MAD FANS TO
READ WHAT YOU MISSED

(and discover how lucky you were!)

IN THIS

HARD-BOUND, DE LUXE

ANTHOLOGY

OF MEMORABLE ARTICLES

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from

MAD

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  . . . to turn inside out for camouflage!
- **An introduction by Ernie Kovacs**
  . . . to tell you why you're crazy to go on!
- **16 pages in vivid color**
  . . . to rot your mind and ruin your eyes!
- **A total of 128 pages of unforgettable articles**
  . . . that got us into the most trouble!

NOW ON SALE AT MOST BOOKSTORES! ONLY $2.95

If your regular bookseller does not have **"MAD For Keeps",** ask him to stock it! If he refuses, bust 'im one, and mail in!

*This material originally appeared in **MAD** Magazines through 1956, and has never before been reprinted in any form. Published by Crown Publishers, Inc., N. Y.

use coupon or duplicate

MAD ANTHOLOGY DEPT.
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.

Rush my copy of "MAD For Keeps"! I want to discover how lucky I was! I enclose $2.95, which also happens to be the retail price in book stores. Already I can see I'm not so lucky!



NAME ____________________

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NUMBER 42 NOVEMBER 1958

MAD

"Conscience is what hurts when everything else feels so good!"
Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **ASST. ART DIR.:** Sheila Lynch **IDEAS:** Jerry De Fuccio
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MERCHANDISING (Whatever that is!): Zach Baym **LAW SUITS:** Martin Scheiman, Esq.
WAR CORRESPONDENT: Pvt. Nick Megliola

DEPARTMENTS

**Various Places Around The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES



MAD's consistent record for picking All-American grid-greats is maintained this year as, once again, we miss every selection.



Once again, **MAD**'s maddest artist gives us a glimpse into his own private world, and once again makes us so happy it remains private.



For this article in which Danny Kaye plays a five-year-old so well, we gave him what would please any little boy, mainly peanuts.



MAD attempts to fill a void between today's 25¢ children's books and 25¢ adult books, and ends up with an article to avoid.



Jules Feiffer will surely be Sick, Sick, Sick, when he discovers that we have reprinted 4 cartoons from his new book by that name.



An article which suggests that we give credit where credit is due to common people! And besides, it's cheaper than giving money!



Movie scenes that end up on the cutting room floor are shown in this article, which will probably end up in a similar location.



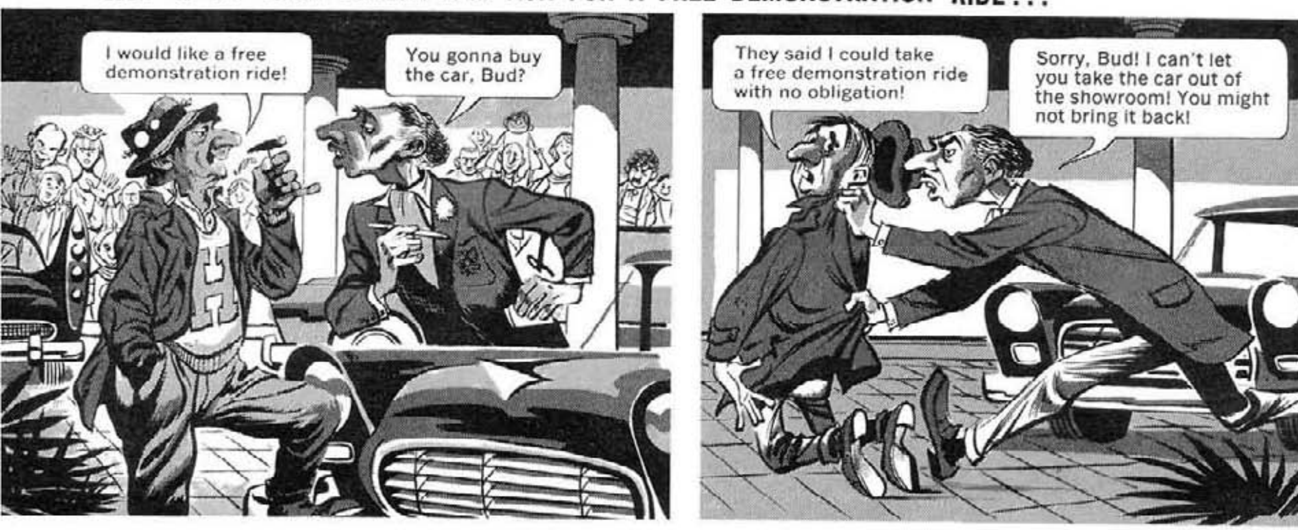
A Bulletin listing all the courses offered by Alfred E. Neuman University, so you clods going to other schools will feel better.

RUSH RIGHT OUT DEPT.

The other night, while we were listening to the guy on TV who's always warning you to "never ask for aspirin alone . . . always ask for it by name!",

WHAT IF YOU DID WHAT

"STOP IN AT YOUR DEALER AND ASK FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION RIDE..."



"IF YOU DON'T LOSE TEN POUNDS IN TEN DAYS, YOUR PHARMACIST WILL CHEERFULLY REFUND



we got to thinking. And then, we came up with these four dramatic moments, which clearly answered the question that we were thinking about. Namely . . .

THEY TOLD YOU ON TV?

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

"YOU'LL FIND IT SOLD AT ALL LEADING DRUG STORES . . ."



"DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK . . ."



**Musicians went to *Eight Bar Rest*

"TELL THEM GROUCHO SENT YOU . . ."





MAD T-SHIRTS

Thanks to your MAD T-Shirts, I am now going steady . . . with the only kind of female that would *wear* one . . . a female gorilla!

Preston Kohn
Philadelphia, Pa.

I took my girl to a movie in my MAD T-Shirt, and not only did everybody else leave, but my girl left too. Thanks.

Tony Freedman
Bronx, N. Y.

I dreamed I saw triple in my MAD T-Shirt.

Mrs. W. D. Peckham
Mt. Lakes, N. J.



Pic above, sent in by Mrs. Peckham, shows exactly why she saw triple! —Ed.

When I sent my $1.25 for that MAD T-Shirt, I figured it would be a gag. Imagine my surprise when, a week later, it actually came in the mail. Boy, did *I* gag! Seriously, though, it is a great shirt. I've worn it to school twice, and it's really interesting the way perfect strangers come up to you in the hall and greet you with such comments as: "Eccchhh!"

Eliot A. Kohen
Aurora, Colo.

WHO'S WHO?

Once and for all, which one is Nick Megliola and which is Jerry De Fuccio in the T-Shirt ads. Not that it matters. Just send them both. We'll pay postage.

Linda, Gail, and Barbara
New York City

In this issue, Jerry is the "mad doctor," and Nick is the "monster." Incidentally, if you read the staff-listings on page 1, you'll see Nick listed as "War Correspondent." This is no gag. Our boy was drafted and left for the army last June 29th. So Sgt. Bilko better watch out! —Ed.

REFRESHING

It is refreshing to find, in this age of much trashy writing, a magazine for Teen-Agers that is really humorous in a wholesome way. Keep up the good work.

H. W. Hightower
Assistant Professor
Butler University
Indianapolis, Ind.

BEST DEPARTMENT

Your "TV Scenes We'd Like To See" is the best department in the magazine. You show how bad TV really is and how corny the shows are. Congratulations!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
(New York City)

POCKET-SIZED FAN



The little lady reading "Inside MAD," one of our pocket-sized books of reprints, is Miss Dior Knox, of Bangor, Maine. —Ed.

MAD JET



This pic was sent in by an Air Force jet pilot who requested that he remain nameless. And who can blame him? —Ed.

MAD IN THE AIR

I discovered MAD recently while on an Eastern Airline flight to Miami. I asked the stewardess, a Miss Betty Funcheon, for a copy of Fortune, but she suggested I try your publication instead. It was a delightful experience, as she was quite attractive. What she sees in the magazine I'll never know!

Mendel Baylis
Pompton Lakes, N. J.

MORALE BOOSTER

Every time it comes out, I send a copy of MAD to my brother stationed in Germany. He and his buddies really love your magazine. He says it's a great morale booster.

Carson Cox
Wheeling, West Va.

Being a salesman, your magazine helps me get through the nights with a smile. I don't think you have to worry about your imitators. They're not in your class.

Ed Woodsmall
Houston, Texas

I'm in the Marine Corps stationed at Okinawa, and we all read and enjoy MAD and think it's the most. We're waiting for our MAD T-Shirts to arrive so we can wear them for our morning calisthenic formation. All we can get out of it is a bust in rank, loss of two-thirds pay, and twenty years of hard labor so "What, Me worry?"

PFC Stan Balzer
3rd Marine Div. FMF
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

HIGH TIME

I think it's high time that I gave my thanks to the MAD staff for putting out such a wonderful magazine. MAD has given me more enjoyment than anything else I've ever dabbled in. Its light, crisp articles and clever humor are in a field by themselves. When I buy an issue, I can read it through dozens of times and still uncover some new humor each time. You most unjustly belittle yourselves by saying MAD is a mind-rotting instrument. On the contrary, you are all wonderful. Keep up the good work, and more power to you!

Mike Conway
Spokane, Wash.

THE WORST FROM MAD

Congratulations on publishing your "The Worst From MAD." Since it is a combination of six sickening past issues, I have found it to be six times more sickening than your regular editions.

Martin Jublonski
Cincinnati, Ohio

I bought your "Worst from MAD," and pasted the 45 rpm labels on my records. The records disintegrated. I stuck the MAD Travel Stickers on my notebook. It fell apart. When I licked the stickers, I got sick. Thanks for a great book!

Joseph Smith
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your latest "collection issue" outdoes any previous attempts in the world of satire. I am proud to know MAD and be a part of its "madness."

Ronni Saltar
Philadelphia, Pa.



Hey, you guys did it again! My local newsstand was sold out of "The Worst From MAD" when I dropped by last.

Stephan Mehler
Bronx, N. Y.

CURES HOMESICKNESS

I forward MAD to missionaries in heathen lands who sometimes wonder what life is like in the world they left behind. MAD's penetrating portrayal of The American Scene makes them glad they left!

Brother John, C. S. C.
Holy Trinity H. S. Libr.
Chicago, Ill.

CONTRIBUTES TO CULTURE

The quality of your humorous approach to Sociology, in the form of your publication MAD, is unbelievably superior in all respects. Your imitators are pathetically inferior. Of all the satire magazines, only MAD contributes to our culture. But don't ask me what it contributes!

Allan D. Hudson
No Address Given

THANK GOODNESS

Thank goodness the guy who writes your "The-guy-who-writes-your "The-guy-who-writes-your "The-guy-who-writes-your-letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!" letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!" letters finally *stopped* writing!

Patty Hodgins
Sarasota, Fla.

KEEP COOL



Heat got you down? Take a look at the third prize winner in The University of Connecticut's last "Winter Weekend," and you'll see things could be worse! —Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Room 706, Dept. 42, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York.

UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS DEPT.

Which powerhouses will be the teams to beat on the college gridirons this season? What schools are the top prospects for the post-season bowl games? Who will be the individual stars in each section of the country? What difference does it make? You'll find the answers to all these ques-

MAD'S 1958 PIGSKIN

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

**Pilots want to *Three Point Landing*

EAST

The team to beat along the Atlantic Seaboard figures to be "Truss" Burnshot's powerful eleven at WRETCHED TEACHERS, bolstered by the return of Center Alton Lummox, who has been in the State Reformatory since winning All-Conference honors and pulling a bank job in 1948 . . . . Among Eastern independents, watch BARELY NORMAL. The *Salamanders* are favored with an easy schedule which includes only intra-squad scrimmage each Saturday . . . . THE VAN LAUTENSCHLAGER INSTITUTE OF APPLIED ELECTRONIC TECHNOLOGY claims to have a band capable of spelling out the entire school name between halves . . . . Relegated to the ranks of the also-rans will be once-powerful UNCONSCIOUS STATE. Football at the home of the *Galloping Ghouls* has been de-emphasized, with results that team will play in street clothes with a deflated ball this season . . . . An unknown factor in the race for Eastern supremacy will be WEST WESTOVER WESLEYAN, which fired its Athletic Publicity Director, and hence did not reply to our questionnaire.



Elihu "Midge" Dunkley gained 728 yards through the air, lost 47 on the ground last year for Texas A&P.



The Lopsided Aggies demonstrate famous "Junk Pile" formation responsible for their 0-11 record last year.

Goal posts at Utah College For The Infirm have been remodelled to aid Field Goal Expert Charlie Schvepp.



SOUTHEAST

The U. S. FROGMEN'S ACADEMY shapes up as the outstanding team in the Tidewater section. The *Sinkers* again will be playing all of their home games at the bottom of Chesapeake Bay, giving them a decided advantage over less waterlogged opponents . . . . COWZNOFSKI COLLEGE FOR THE WAYWARD appears to be a sure bet for regional honors. C.C.F.W. reports the '58 squad is light, rugged, and extremely hard to find . . . . Among the South Eastern independents, chief strength seems to lie with the Atlanta branch of the BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES. Quarterback Rudy Clubbernick, who barks signals in Roumanian, looks like a candidate for All-American . . . . The team at PRETTY POLY has considerable depth, including five philosophy majors, two students of Chaucer, and two experts on The Culture of the Incas. None of them play football, but they're all deep.

SOUTH

The *Fighting Guppies* of LOUISIANA COLLEGE OF OCEANOGRAPHY are hoping to wind up in the Fish Bowl come New Year's Day. By flunking all of last year's seniors, Coach Angel Tetra has kept his unbeaten squad intact. A tough three game schedule faces L.C.O., however, which is a considerable increase over last year's none . . . . Rising

A. A.s "Lush" Pitkin kept opposition off-balance in 1957 by passing long, passing short, and passing out.



tions, along with some answers that don't even have questions to go with them, as we at MAD make like big time slick magazines and bring you

PREVIEW

MAD'S 1958 ALL-AMERICAN PIGSKIN PIGS

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL	HT.	WT.	HOME TOWN
Right End	Clyde Clodd	Southern Comfort	5' 9"	205	Drink, Wisc.
Left End	Georgie San Georgio	State Pen	6' 1"	229	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Front End	Irving Edsel	Disgust U.	5' 7"	4200	Detroit, Mich.
Right Tackle	*Gordon Furd*	*Peculiar Teachers*	*5' 10"*	*189*	*Noahs, Ark.*
Wrong Tackle	Charlie Tripp	Texas Moslem	6' 3"	275	Praise, Ala.
Half Back	Monty Stickles	Siamese	5' 11"	212	Denver, Colo.
Half Back	Marty Stickles	Twins U.	5' 11"	212	Boston, Mass.
Fullback	Sam Quasimodo	Notre Dame	4' 8"	160	Paris, France
Drawback	*Peaches La Verne*	*Vassar*	*38-22-37*		*Oohla, La.*
Far Back	Sidney Chicken	Harvard	6' 12"	110	Nott, Me.
Throw Back	Alfred E. Neuman	P. S. 47	2' 7"	49	Verry, Ill.

steadily among gridiron powers in the deep South is PRAWL UNIVERSITY. P.U. has the advantage of playing all of its games in August, before any of its opponents show up . . . . The Southeastern Alabama State Conference has disbanded, leaving YOURSAND MINES with a clear path to the title, despite fact that the *Flying Sneaks* gave up football in 1952 . . . . The picture among Southern independents is muddy, as none of the 46 contenders for regional honors play each other this year. TATTLE TALE TECH figures to finish with the best won-and-lost record, due to strange quirk in scheduling whereby it meets only Chess Teams from South Africa.

MIDWEST

Chief threat for conference honors is UNSTRUNG TEACHERS, which hopes to unveil its new Q-formation this year if league approval is granted for having 14 men on the field at one time . . . . The CENTRAL INDIANA COLLEGE OF CHIROPODY might well slip through to the "Big 26" championship. The *Webfoots* are three-deep at every position except the backfield, where they have nobody . . . . Among Midwestern independents, the MILWAUKEE BRAVES will definitely *not* play football this year.

SOUTHWEST

The Southern New Mexico Conference remains idle again, due chiefly to the fact that there are still no colleges in Southern New Mexico.

ROCKIES

A telegram from our scout in Denver states that there is no doubt about which team will walk off with regional honors in the Rockies this season. Unfortunately, he neglects to mention which team it is.

FAR WEST

LA JOLLA (pronounced EL CHICO) STATE looks like the best of the bunch out in California. The *Sewer Rats* boast 32 lettermen this year, none of which won their letters in football . . . . ABB NORMAL will play less offensive football this season, thanks to newly-laundered T-shirts . . . . The SAN JOSE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL has a fine squad, but will be unable to play any games in 1958, due to fact that its team is scattered over 37 states . . . . Among Western independents, BROOKLYN COLLEGE, which moved to Los Angeles this past summer, appears to be a shoo-in for regional honors.



"Boxer" Towser, last year's All-Conference back, is expected to star again with the K-9 Academy eleven.



Northsoutheastern's Triple-Threat-Man, Sid Blemish, is capable of selling peanuts, popcorn . . . or programs.

Underground Mines will miss services of Clip Clopp, who quit school this year to enter private business.



Alfie Neuman, of Barely Normal, has learned the rules of the game since last season, and may play this year.



UNDERSTANDING

Failure to understand complicated terms can limit the enjoyment of football for many clods.
MAD here undertakes to explain common gridiron terminology so you can really get a bang



BACKFIELD IN MOTION

Quarterback calls for play "J-22." Left halfback misunderstands, and thinks he has called play "K-22." Right halfback isn't even listening, and doesn't know what play he's called. Fullback thinks quarterback is an ignoramus, decides to run play "R-22" on his own. Play ends in 19 yard loss, and team is penalized an additional 15 yards for unnecessary roughness against one of own members.

THE PASS INTO THE FLAT

Play begins when quarterback calls for "S-97L" indicating halfback must throw long pass to left end. Unfortunately, as opposing team rushes him, fullback gets rattled, and passes into the flat . . . the flat being an apartment occupied by the Physics professor in the building behind the stadium. Play ends up with no gain, game ends up with no ball, and halfback ends up with "F" in Physics for the term.



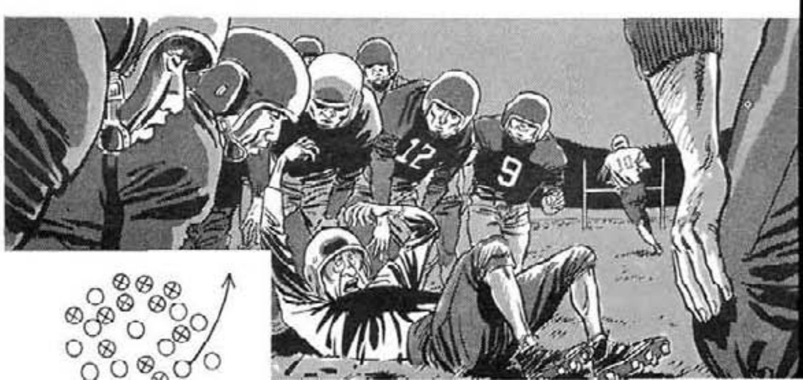


THE QUARTERBACK SNEAK

Play begins with quarterback remembering he has made tennis date with cute little Alpha Chi. So he indicates play "A-77," which calls for him to go out on flanker as ball is snapped to fullback. Since all eyes follow fullback, quarterback moves laterally across field until he reaches locker room, changes into tennis clothes. Play loses 3 yards. Quarterback loses to the Alpha Chi: 6-0, 6-1, and 6-0.

THE KICK OFF

Fullback smears ketchup on uniform while in huddle. As play begins, he clutches chest and falls, screaming, "I been shot! I'm . . . kicking off!" Other players gather around in morbid curiosity. Quarterback, taking advantage of distraction, scores touchdown. Play ends with fullback being rushed to infirmary, where he watches far more thrilling game on T.V., then makes date with student nurse for Victory Hop.



FOOTBALL TERMS

out of watching that first game this year, despite the fact that it's cold and raining and your flask is empty and the creep sitting beside you brought garlic sandwiches from home!

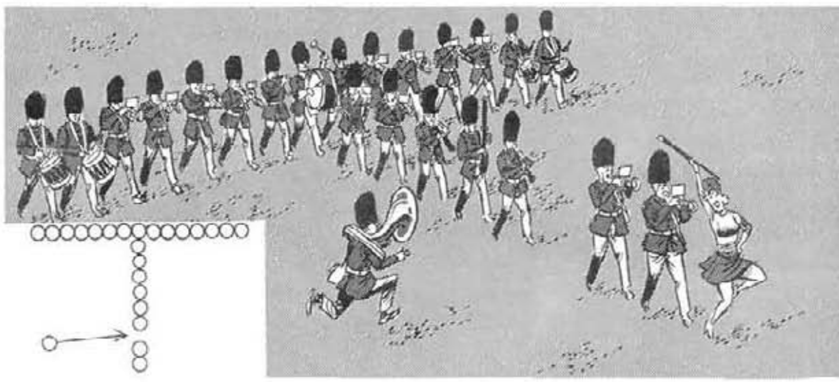


THE SAFETY

Play begins when quarterback calls for "X-33" which designates an off-tackle slant with the fullback carrying the ball. At this point, left tackle decides he has taken enough of a beating for one day, and sneaks off the field to seek "safety" hiding behind opposing team's bench. Fellow players, failing to notice he is gone, continue playing with 10 men, and wind up losing the game 98-0 as a result.

THE "T" FORMATION

Play begins when Band Director signals for musicians to form the letter "T" as a salute to the opposition, which happens to be Technical Teachers. Tuba player mistakes signal for one indicating number in which band forms shape of Sputnik III, marches off in opposite direction, and is halfway through a cadenza before he discovers his mistake. Play ends when the band soundly defeats John Philip Sousa.





THE LONG PASS

Play begins as right end sights gorgeous blonde sitting in first row of the lower grandstand. He requests quarterback call play "P-6" requiring him to run wide and long so he can make pass at blonde. Other players then sight blonde, pursue right end to prevent him from completing pass. Team ends up off-side, play ends up with no gain, game ends up on account of darkness, Coach ends up with blonde.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY PLAY

This play is used in emergencies, when a desperate move is indicated. Quarterback calls for "Statue of Liberty Play" in huddle, and fullback pulls out Statue of Liberty balloon, which he inflates. When play begins, opposition is completely unnerved at seeing offensive backfield carrying 10-foot statue down field. Play ends with net gain of 83 yards, but is called back because nobody had the ball.



UNDERSTANDING THE REFEREE'S SIGNALS

Understanding the referee's signals is a vital part of enjoying the game. This explains why referees get so much more enjoyment out of football than anybody else. See, they understand their signals . . . usually!



This signal indicates that clumsy referee has just tripped over his own feet while chasing play down the field. Penalty: 15 yards against each team for laughing at him.



This is the referee's signal to vendor up in stands that he wants two bags of peanuts. Penalty: Referee neglects to pay for peanuts, and vendor winds up the day 15c short.



This signal with accompanying Bronx cheer indicates referee has just spotted his Mother-in-law in lower grandstand. Penalty: Referee's Mother-in-law extends visit six weeks.



This signal indicates referee has mistaken gunshot ending first half for somebody shooting at him from grandstand. Penalty: People in grandstand must see halftime ceremonies.



This signal indicates referee has inadvertently kicked the visiting team's new mascot. Penalty: The visiting team loses five yards. The referee loses the seat of his pants.



This signal follows flanker play in which left end steps on referee's foot with cleats. Penalty: Glockenspiel player for home team is barred from playing at the Victory Dance.



This signal indicates that a home team player has knocked out the referee's upper plate. Penalty: Home team loses 15 yards. Referee loses 15 meals as his dentist is on vacation.

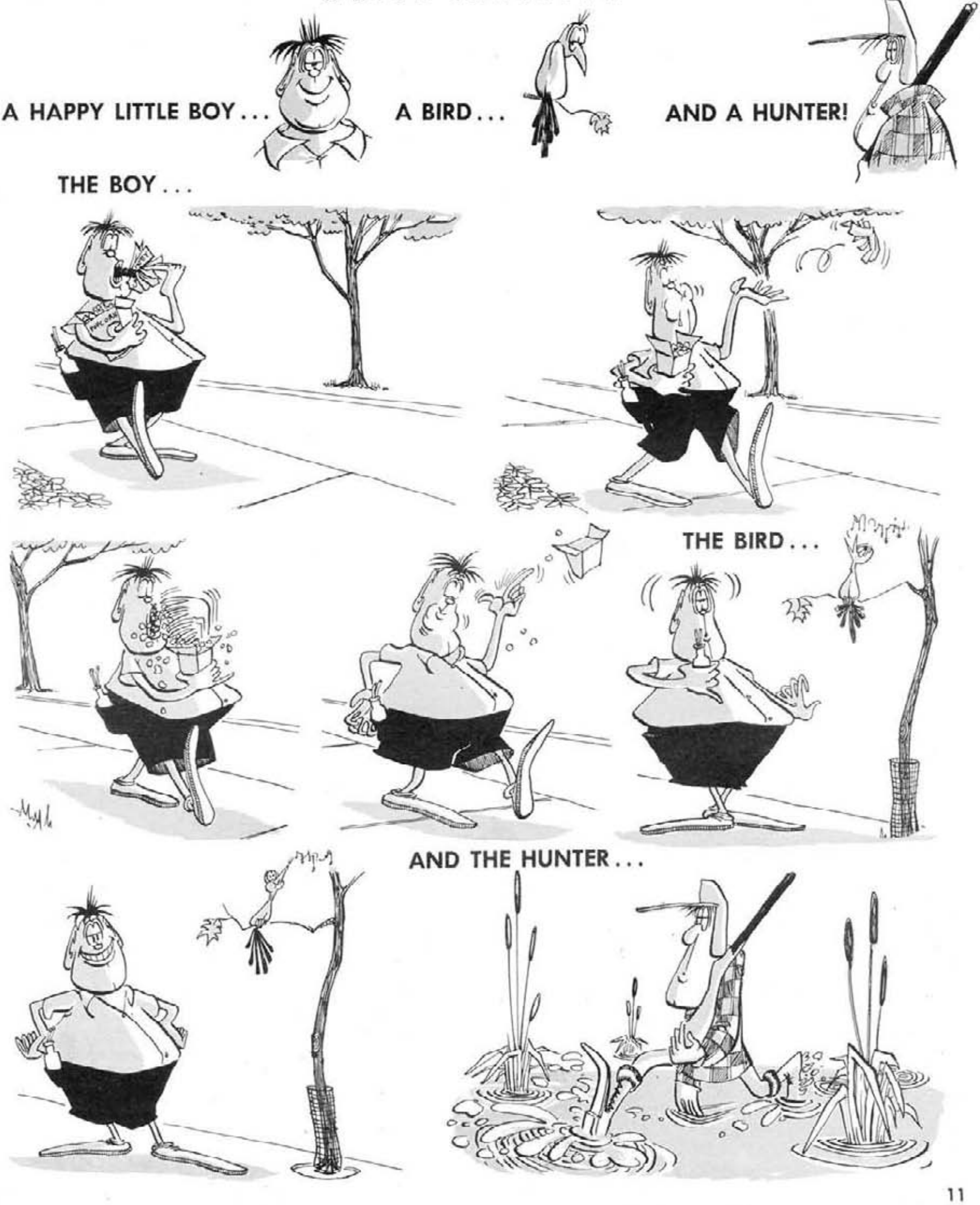


This signal indicates referee has been hit from behind and he has swallowed his whistle. Penalty: Referee loses his job, and launches profitable new career doing bird calls.

Now, it's time for Mr. Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist and recent winner of absolutely no prize for cartooning whatsoever! Don's first offering this issue is called . . . simply . . .

A Nameless Story

which concerns





**Alfred E. Neuman went to Den City

ASK THE MAN WHO PARKS ONE DEPT.

**Auto Mechanics went to *Spark Gap*

With this article MAD attempts to solve some of the problems caused by America's love for' . . .



THE PROBLEMS

STORY AND PICTURES BY DAVID BERG



One of the biggest headaches suffered by small-minded officials is the loss of revenue caused by those big new cars which overlap the normal parking meter spaces.



Parking lot owners are complaining that big cars reduce their parking capacities, hence their incomes, forcing many of them into putting their yachts up in moth balls.

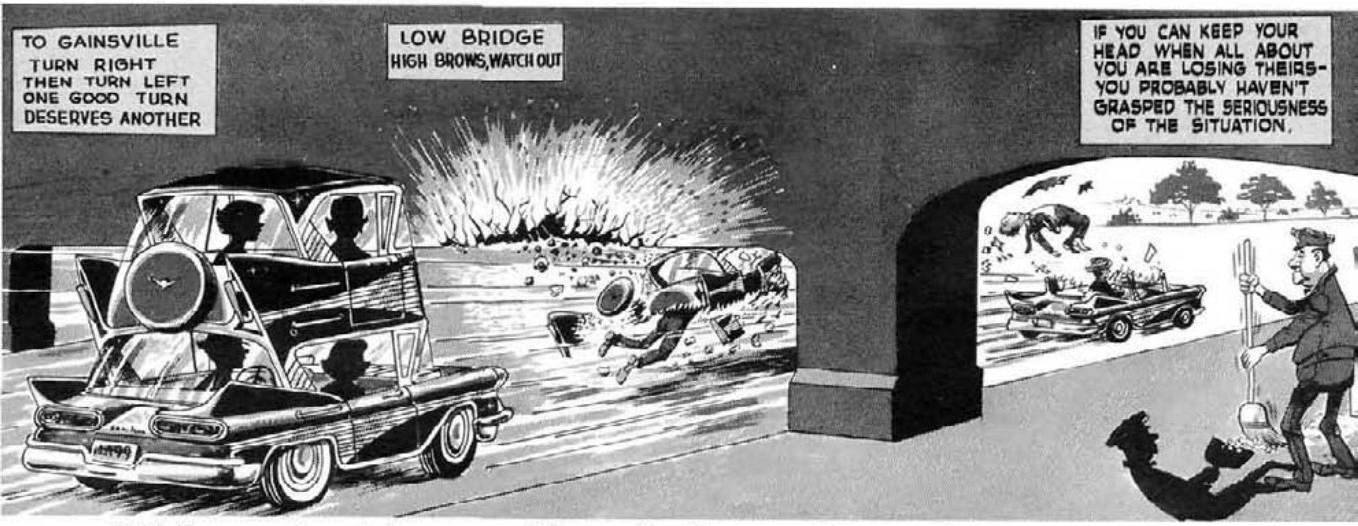
There are reports filtering in from around the country concerning traffic jams caused by those extra-big cars.

In some towns, the traffic is so hopelessly snarled, it hasn't been able to budge an inch for months and months.



**Servants of Royalty went to the *Palisades*

THE SOLUTIONS



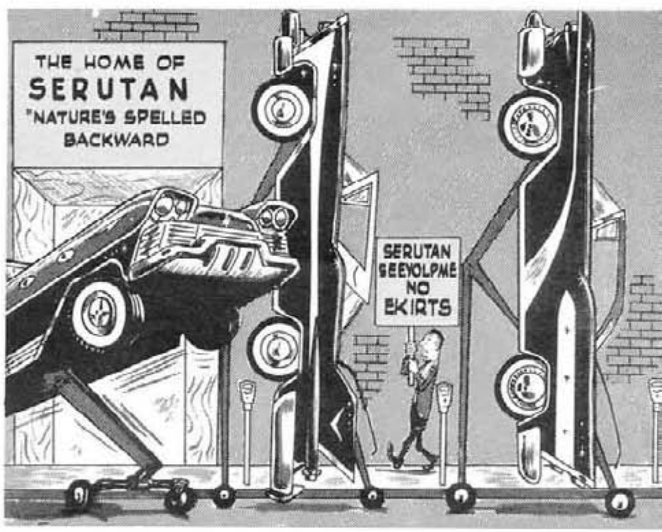
Build big cars, only vertically, not horizontally . . . double-decker style.

Of course, this will present problems when drivers come to low bridges . . .

but convertibles are nice cars, too!

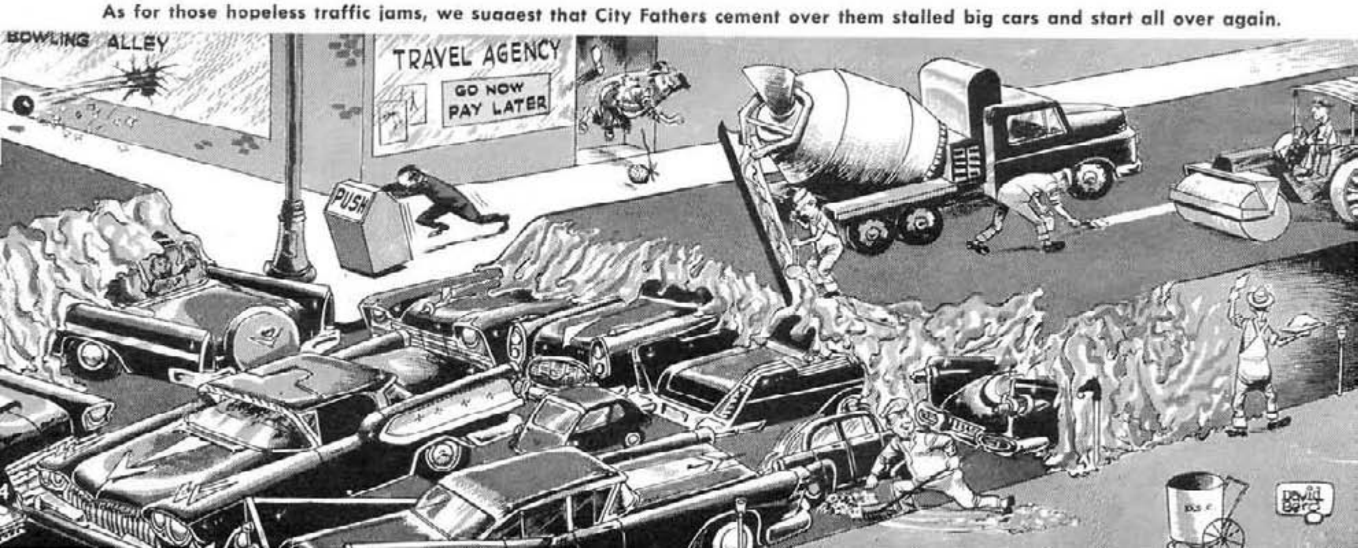


Build big cars that fold up like carrier-based aircraft.



Build big cars with attachments that park them vertically.

As for those hopeless traffic jams, we suggest that City Fathers cement over them stalled big cars and start all over again.



DANNY KAYE DEPT.

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD



Danny Kaye has been deservedly dubbed "The 20th Century Pied Piper", for like the Pied Piper of yore, he has captivated audiences over the years with his hilarious movies, his memorable one-man stage performances, and his delightful record albums. More important than any of these, however, to Danny, is his work for the United Nations Children's Fund, for which he serves as Ambassador-At-Large. And now, Danny Kaye delights MAD readers . . . and MAD editors as well . . . by consenting to perform a "Special Engagement", bringing along a collection of songs by the perceptive and gifted Milton Schafer; songs that embody the attitudes and amusing foibles of children Danny has come to know in all lands. Here, then, from his heart-warming new album, "Mommy, Gimme A Drinka Water" (Capitol T-937), is Danny Kaye as a proud little boy, singing . . .

I'M FIVE!

I'm five! I'm five!
I'm a big boy now, I'm five!

I can dress myself!
I don' need Mom t' help me anymore!

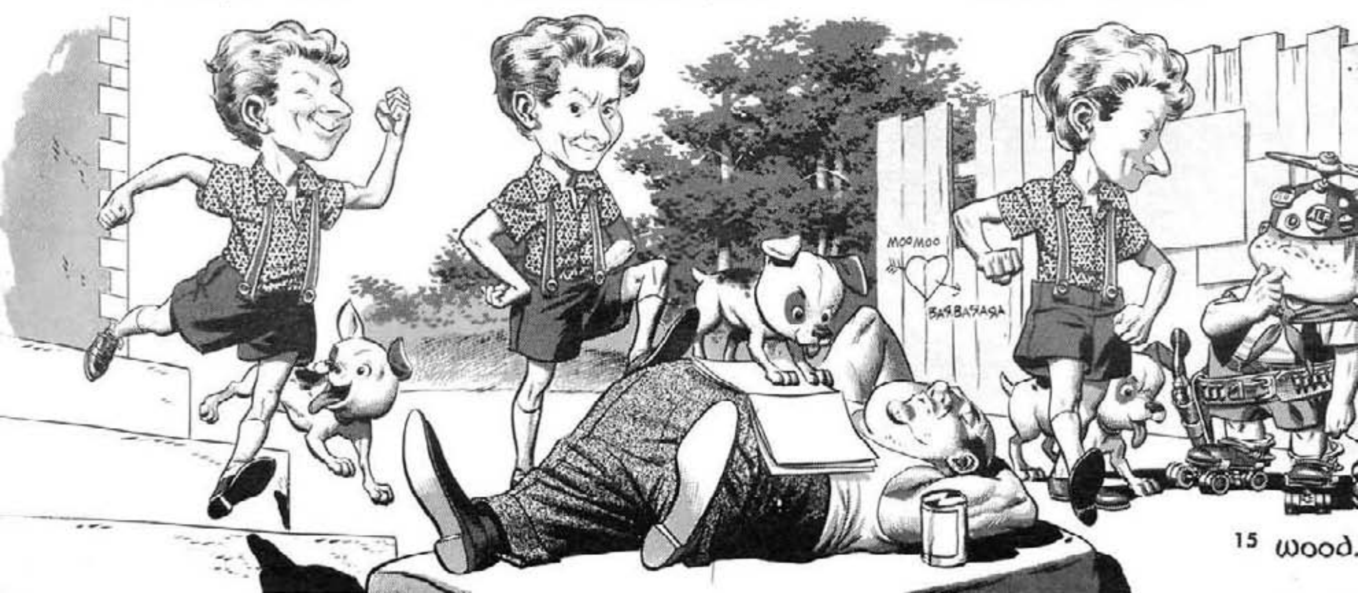
An' when I sit in my fadder's chair,
My feet c'n reach d' floor! See?



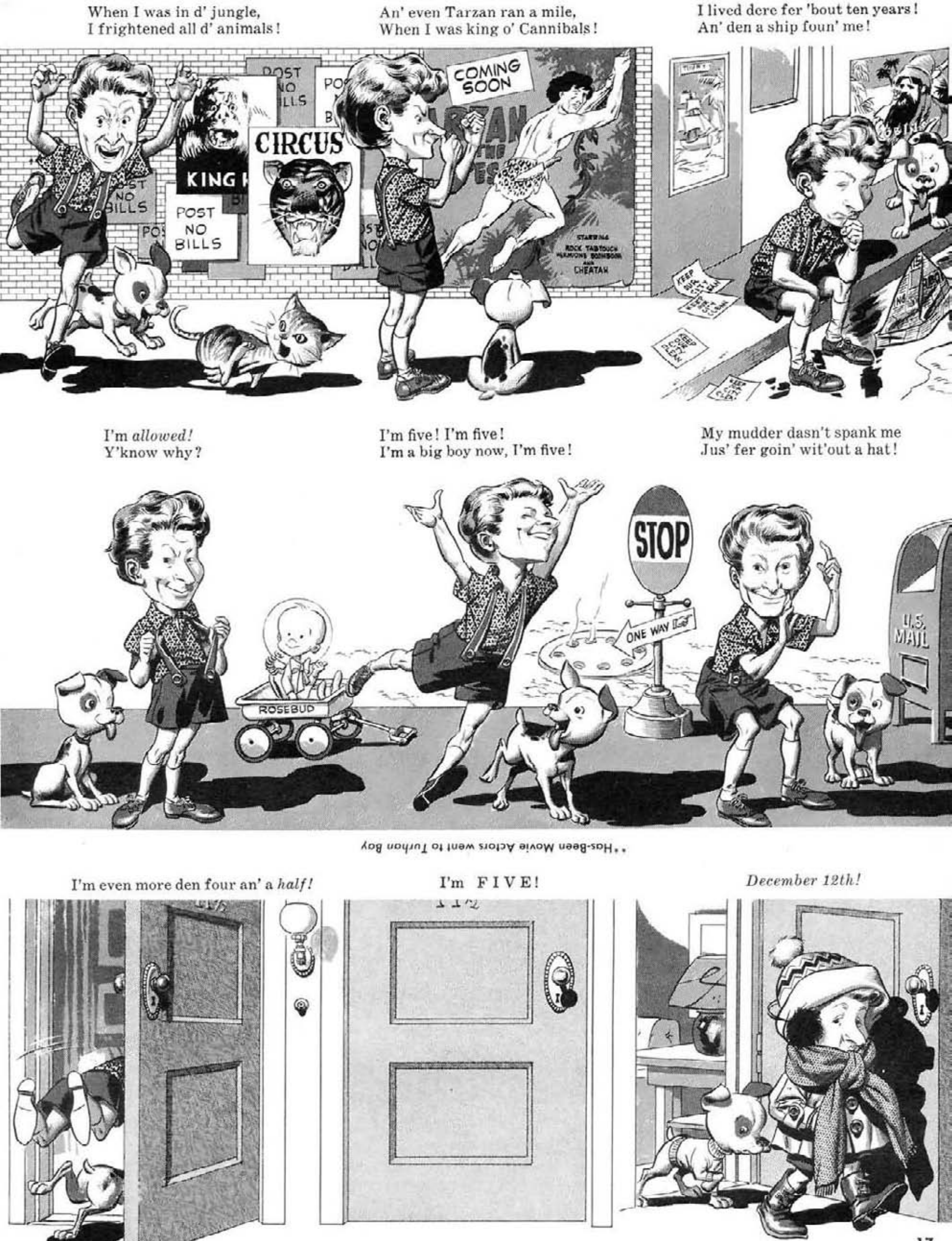
I'm five! I'm five!
Got a muscle, an' I'm five!

An' when I wrestle wit' my Uncle Nat,
Inna secon', he's onna groun'!

So Fatso Red better not get wise,
'Cause I don' fool aroun'!




I c'n t'row dis rock a mile away!
An' kill dat rat'ulsnake!
Yuh dare me swallow my choon' gum down,
An' not get a belly ache?
An' when I got back,
D' police ast me a lotta questions!
But I'm no stool pigeon!
I clammed up!
An' I walked right out on 'em!
Right across d' street!
She knows darn well I'd run away,
'Cause I'm too old fer dat!
Wha' does she t'ink, I'm t'ree?
Not *me!*
Wha' does she t'ink, I'm four?
I'm *more* den four!



When I was in d' jungle,
I frightened all d' animals!
An' even Tarzan ran a mile,
When I was king o' Cannibals!
I lived dere fer 'bout ten years!
An' den a ship foun' me!
POST NO BILLS
KING K
CIRCUS
POST NO BILLS
COMING SOON
STARRING
ROCK TABTOUCH
CHEATAH
KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN
I'm *allowed!*
Y'know why?
I'm five! I'm five!
I'm a big boy now, I'm five!
My mudder dasn't spank me
Jus' fer goin' wit'out a hat!
ROSEBUD
STOP
ONE WAY
U.S. MAIL
**Has-Been Movie Actors went to Turhan Bey
I'm even more den four an' a *half!*
I'm FIVE!
December 12th!

E BEFORE I EXCEPT AFTER Q DEPT.

Our Continuety Editer, who also proofreeds the magizine becawse of his ecstensive knowlege of spelling, has maid the obsivation

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

not-so-far-from-wrong

"...and all the old FATERNITY alumni were there."



"I took my boss to dinner and a show RESENTLY."



"...the Congressman introduced a TARRIFIC idea."



"He UPPRAISED the ring for my insurance policy."



"...since he was always a HYPOSENSITIVE person."



"...when he whistled, she gave a CURSERY glance."

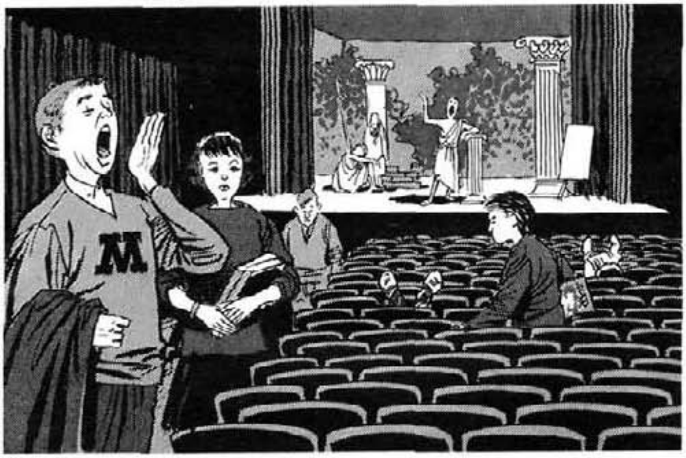


**Music Teachers went to Fort Tissimo

that some of the misteaks he comes accross reed better then if they were corect. For instence, take a look at the foulowing . . .

SPELLING ERRORS

"...explaining why Greek Dramas are so EXITING."



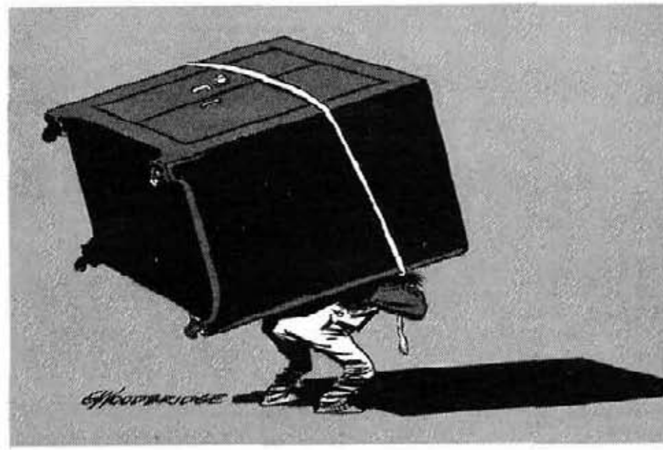
"...the G.I. was then EXCUSSED by the sergeant."



"...when the clerk was APPLING for a better job."



"A hard worker, John was certainly TRUSSWORTHY."



"She is always boasting about her happy MARRAGE,



...and her husband agrees that it's WOUNDERFUL."



A CHILD'S GARDEN OF CURSES DEPT.

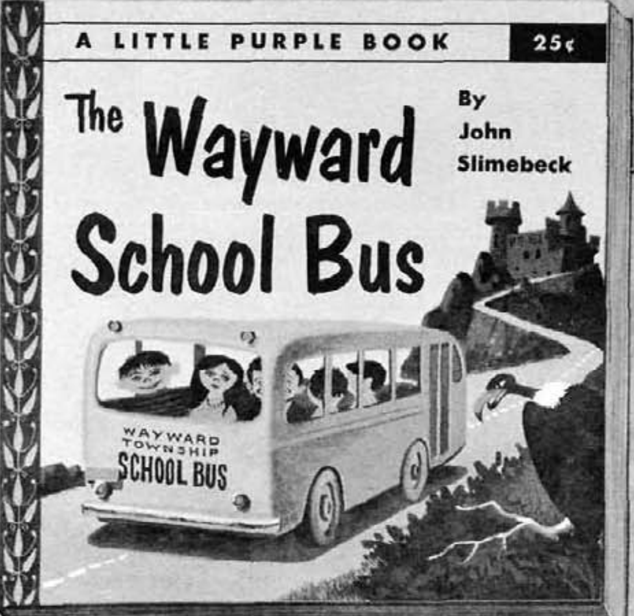
MAD's Educational Council, composed of all staff members who can read, has just issued his annual report, viewing with alarm the state of children's books in America today. As the Council sees it, the two-bit books offered to moppets fall far short of preparing the younger set for the two-bit adult books they'll be reading in a few years. So, to bridge this gap in subject matter, MAD has rushed the following volumes into print. Now parents can

PREPARE KIDS FOR READING 25¢ ADULT BOOKS WITH THESE...





MARJORIE was spoiled rotten — always had been. She was only half-Siamese, and half-Goodness-knows-what. But she had a way about her.





EVERY day, Mr. Furd drove the dilapidated old school bus up from San Pedro, through the Sierra Pass, down into Bad Water Flat, and on to the ancient school house at Yucca.

Mr. Furd was a kindly bus driver. Bent, dirty, slobbering, senile, yellow-toothed, leering and snappish — but kindly.

25¢ MAD CHILDREN'S BOOKS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

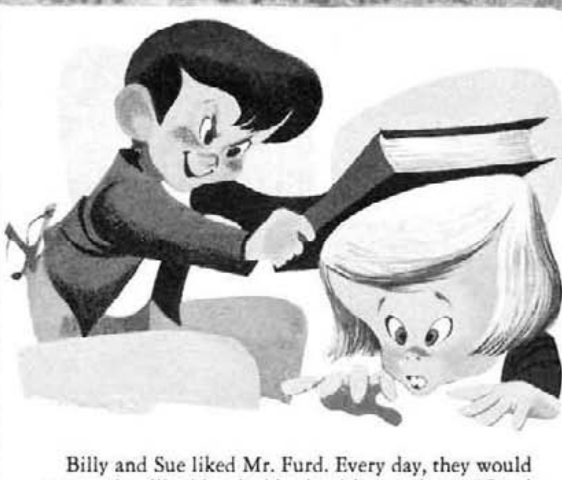
I guess you'd say she had class. She rode a horse like she was born to the saddle. She had a way of lapping milk that seemed to drive tom cats wild. And she was housebroken. Goodness knows, she was housebroken.





The finest training schools had taken care of that. They had taken a kitten and given her the confidence of a full-grown cat. Only Marjorie knew that she was a phony—she and the elevator boy at the swanky East side apartment where she lived. After all, he had seen her come in time after time at all hours of the night with her whiskers unkempt and reeking of catnip

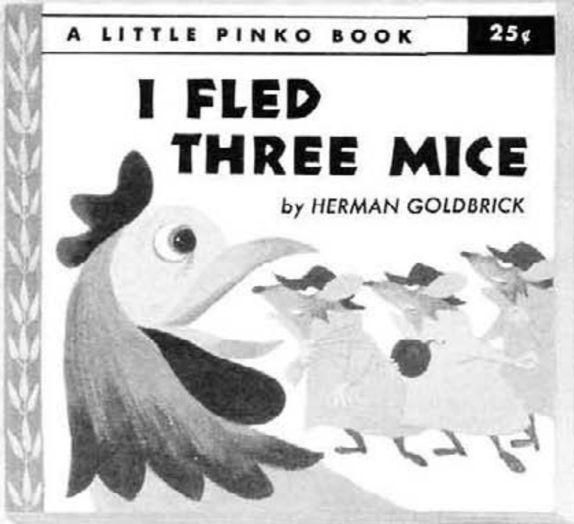
**Movie Ushers went to *Toowanda Isle*



Billy and Sue liked Mr. Furd. Every day, they would get on the dilapidated old school bus and say, "Good Morning, Mr. Furd." Billy and Sue were cheerful children. Grubby, emaciated, unwashed, retarded and with a look of pathos in their eyes—but cheerful.

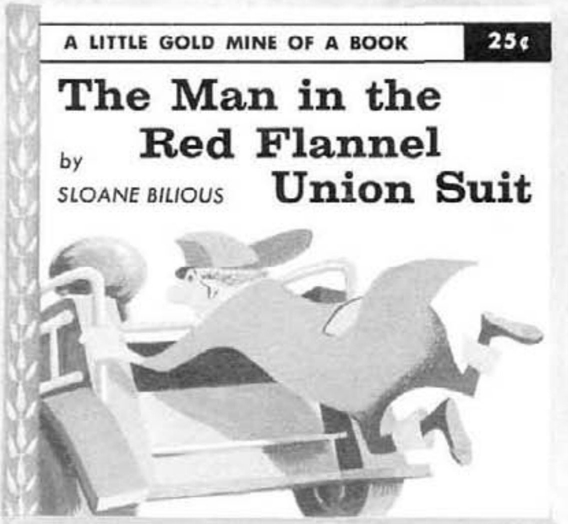
One day, the dilapidated old school bus broke down halfway between Bad Water Flat and Sierra Pass. While they waited for kindly Mr. Furd to repair it, Billy and Sue cast covetous glances at each other. Then, carefully, so as not to attract the attention of that frowsy blonde-haired 10 year old girl who always seemed to see everything, they made their way







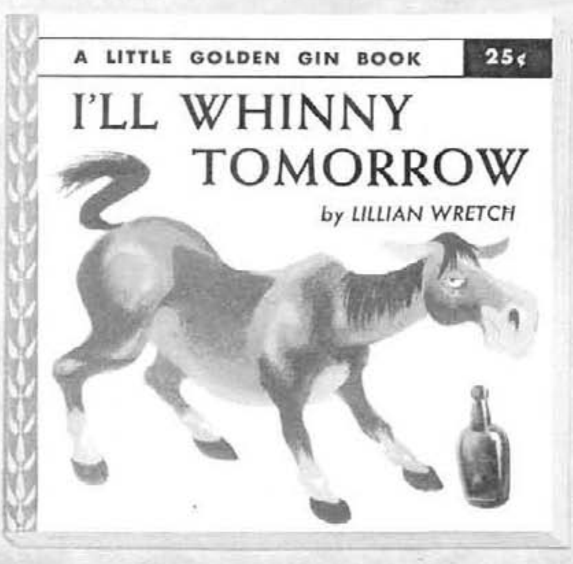
THE Party's code name for me was "The Little Red Hen." I have to cackle when I think about it, for little did the comrades realize that I was really a Counter-Espionage Agent for the United States Leghorn Association. In those many hectic months, I also led a third life . . . that of a commonplace barnyard fowl at the Happy Valley Farm near Reading, Pennsylvania.





FIREMAN Jones was one of the "bright young men" of the department. Not that he wanted to be. In fact, he'd fought against it hard. He didn't want to become just another smiling, martini drinking "yes" man like all the others who seemed to be stamped from the same mold in their red flannel union suits.

**Divorcees went to *Sufficient Grounds*



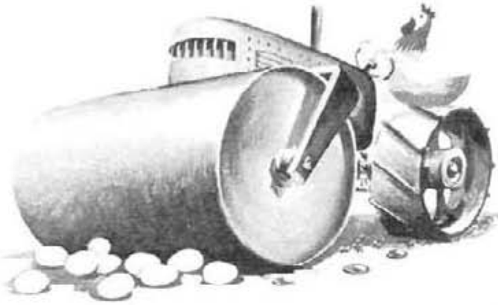


FOUR years ago, I had it made. I was a policeman's horse, then, one of New York's finest. I thought fermented oats were something I could take or leave alone. I never dreamed that a terrible, insatiable craving for them would drive me to the very gates of the glue factory.



It was on the night of July 14, 1937, that I received my first party assignment. Comrade George made contact with me, and ordered me to sabotage a load of eggs leaving the farm next morning.

A million thoughts raced through my mind. How could I tip off the Leghorn Association in time? Would I be able to carry out this assignment? Or would I turn chicken? Suddenly, I felt just like a dumb cluck, fearful that I would lay an egg in the



**Watchmakers went to *Maine Springs*

But he felt himself getting more and more like all the others. Riding on the hook-and-ladder, he often found himself wondering how he could hypo that small blaze they were headed for into a five-alarmer. Once, he even caught himself handing a hose nozzle to another fireman with the stock saying, "Let's try this one on for size!"





One day, Fireman Jones was playing checkers when the Commissioner, the phoniest of the phony, called him into the main office.

"Jones", the Commissioner barked, "I've got an idea I'd like to toss off the building and see if you can catch it in your net!"

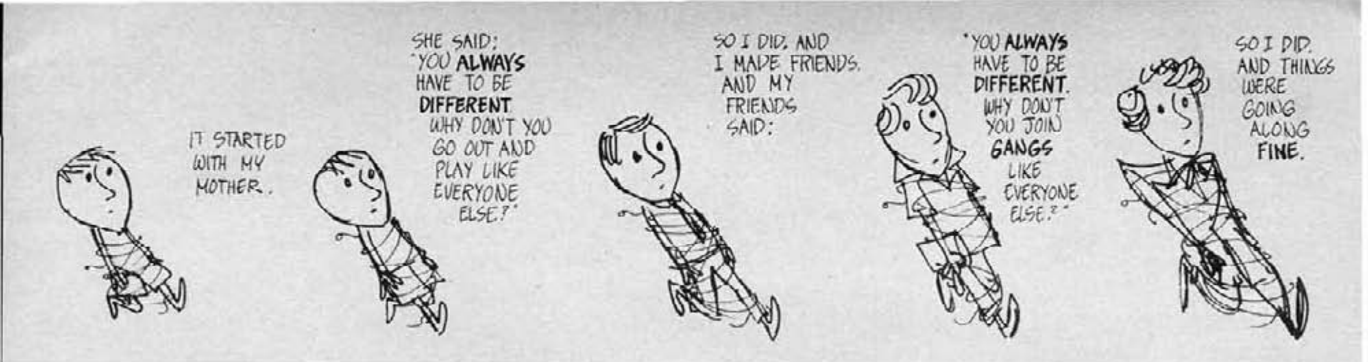
Fireman Jones knew it had something to do with the sharp decrease in bonfires lately. He wanted to get up and leave . . . to tell the Commissioner to go



Oh sure, I called in sick once in a while after I'd had one feed bag too many. But there wasn't a nag on the force who didn't blow herself to a good time now and then.



But soon, it wasn't just once in a while that I was missing work. Day after day, I sought oblivion, too looped to stagger out of my stall. Where else could it end except in a Horse Doctor's Drunk Tank, sweating out the D.T.'s, seeing pink jockeys in purple silks running across the walls and over



OUT OF THE FREUD AND INTO THE FEIFFER DEPT.

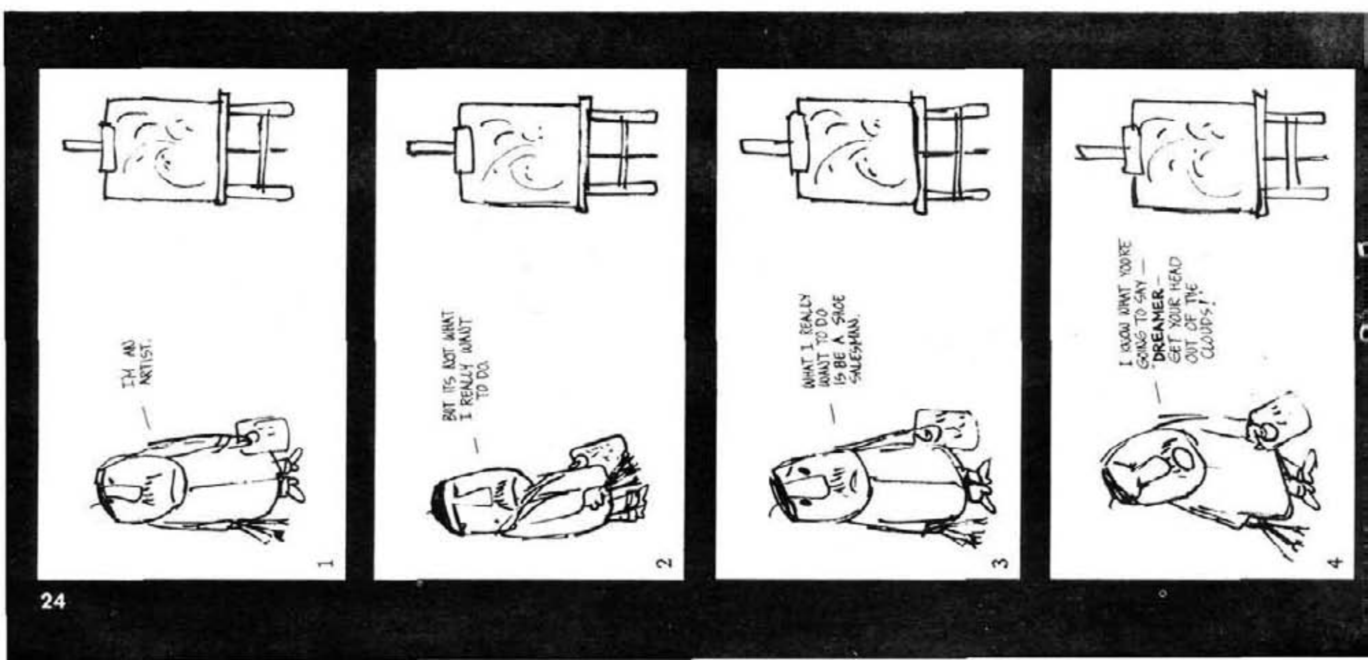
Two years ago, a talented young artist named Jules Feiffer began contributing cartoons to "The Village Voice," a weekly newspaper circulated in New York's Greenwich Village. Almost immediately, we, along with thousands of others, became confirmed Jules Feiffer fans. We even invited Jules to contribute to MAD. But he wouldn't have anything to do with us! So, sneaky devils that we are, we got the rights from his publishers to reprint the following hilarious strips from his new book, a collection of his best work called . . .

SICK SICK SICK

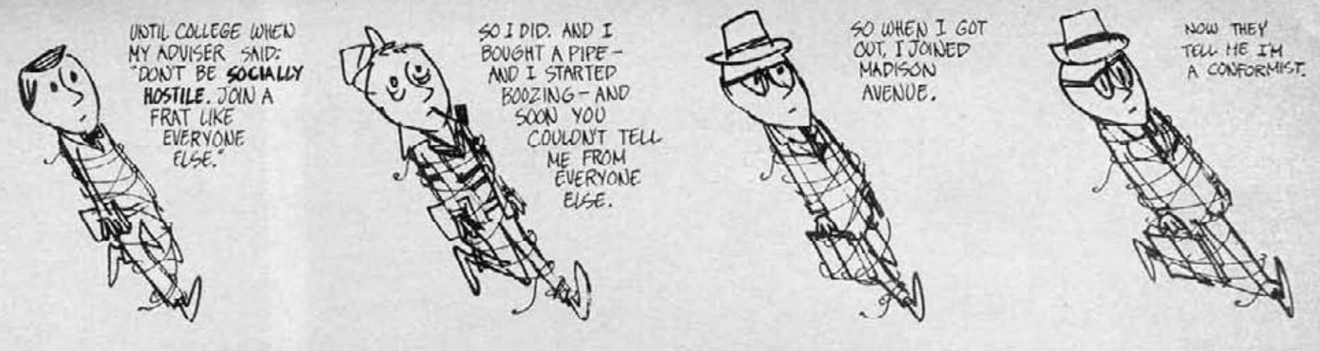
Reprinted by permission of McGraw Hill Book Co., Inc. from SICK, SICK, SICK by Jules Feiffer. © 1956, 1957, 1958 by Jules Feiffer

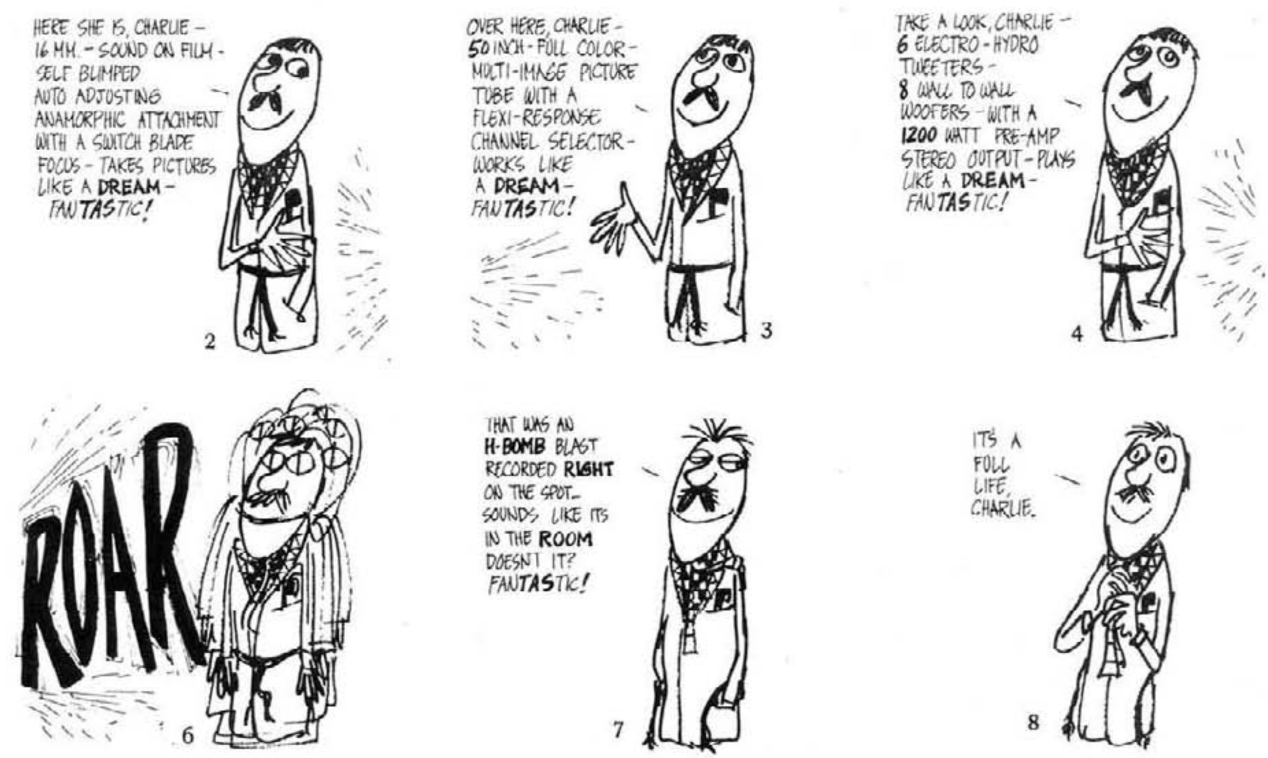


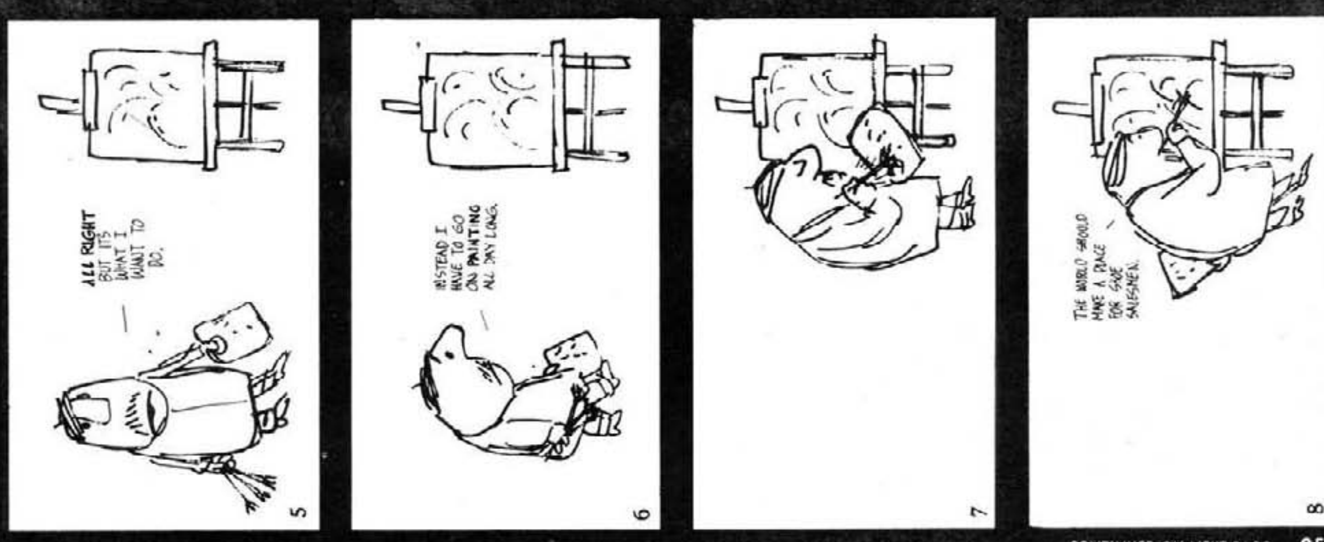




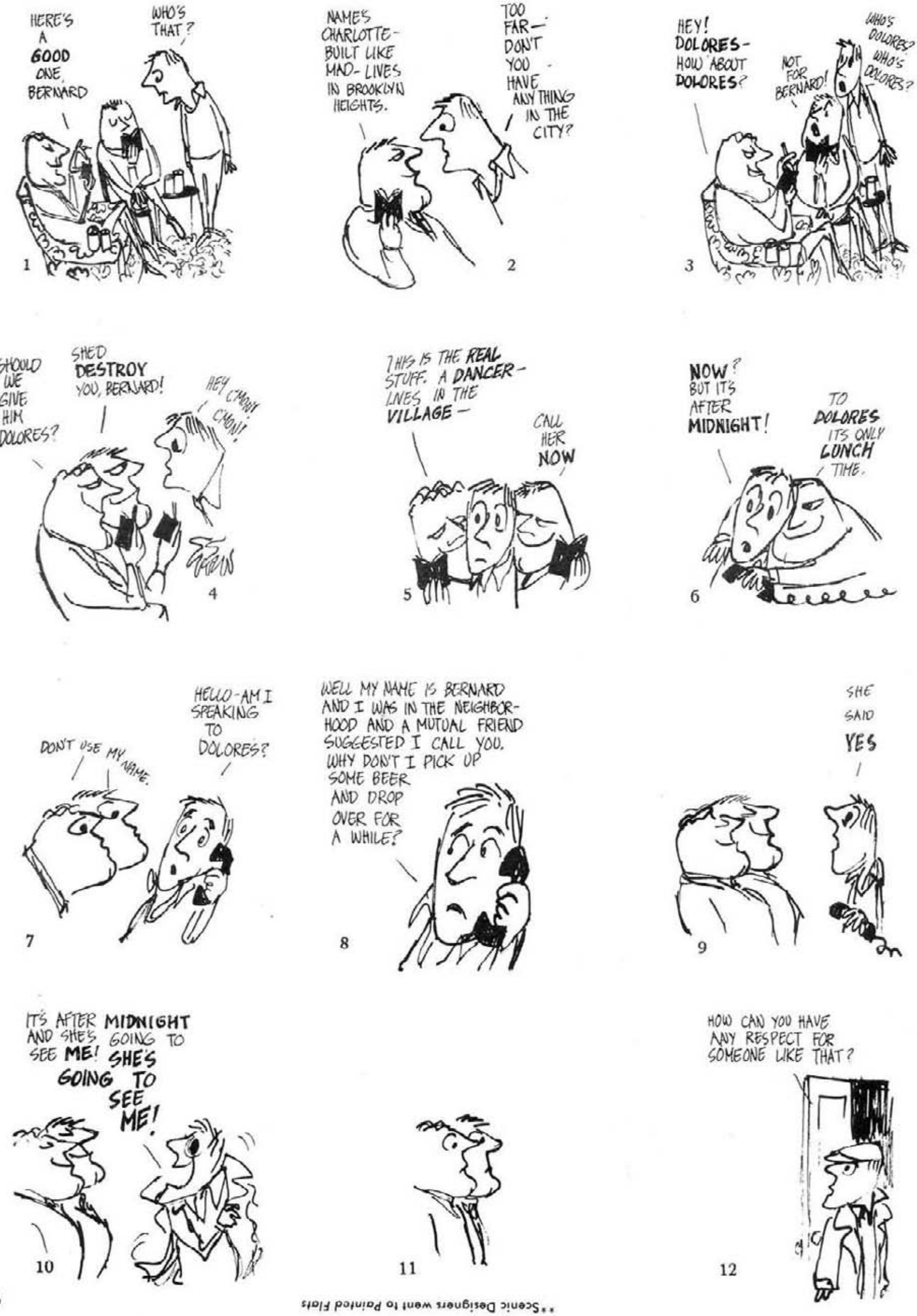
* Elevator Operators went to Upson Downs



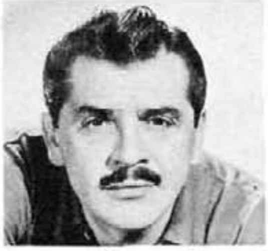




CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



HERE'S A GOOD ONE, BERNARD
WHO'S THAT?
1
NAME'S CHARLOTTE- BUILT LIKE MAD- LIVES IN BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.
TOO FAR- DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING IN THE CITY?
2
HEY! DOLORES- HOW ABOUT DOLORES?
NOT FOR BERNARD!
WHO'S DOLORES? WHO'S DOLORES?
3
SHOULD WE GIVE HIM DOLORES?
SHE'D DESTROY YOU, BERNARD!
HEY C'MON! C'MON!
4
THIS IS THE REAL STUFF. A DANCER- LIVES IN THE VILLAGE -
CALL HER NOW
5
NOW? BUT IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT!
TO DOLORES IT'S ONLY LUNCH TIME.
6
DON'T USE MY NAME.
HELLO-AM I SPEAKING TO DOLORES?
7
WELL MY NAME IS BERNARD AND I WAS IN THE NEIGHBOR-HOOD AND A MUTUAL FRIEND SUGGESTED I CALL YOU. WHY DON'T I PICK UP SOME BEER AND DROP OVER FOR A WHILE?
8
SHE SAID YES
9
IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT AND SHE'S GOING TO SEE ME! SHE'S GOING TO SEE ME!
10
11
HOW CAN YOU HAVE ANY RESPECT FOR SOMEONE LIKE THAT?
12



ERNIE KOVACS DEPT.

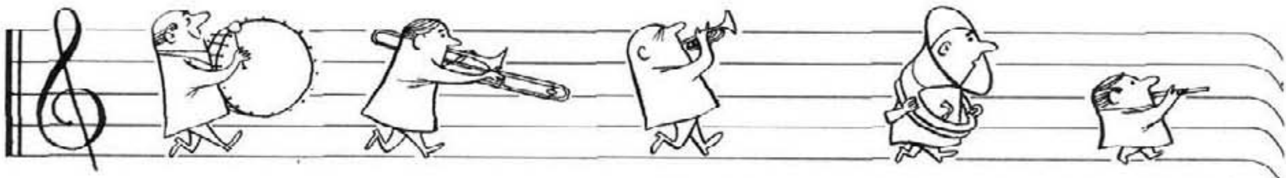
Strangely Believe It!

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD



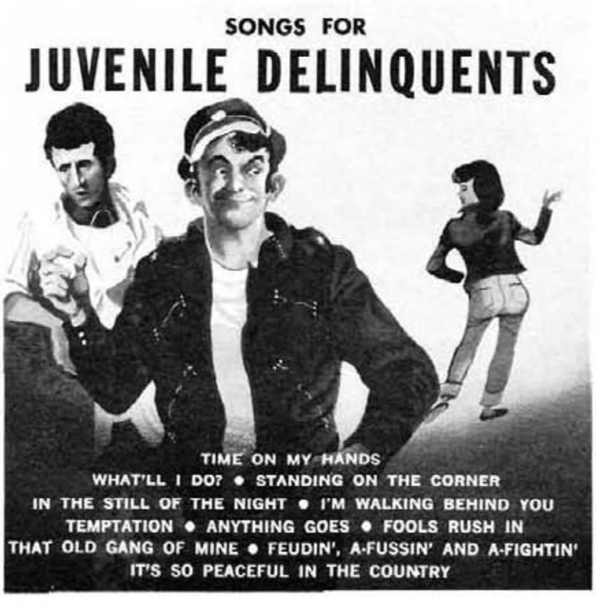
LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD DEPT.

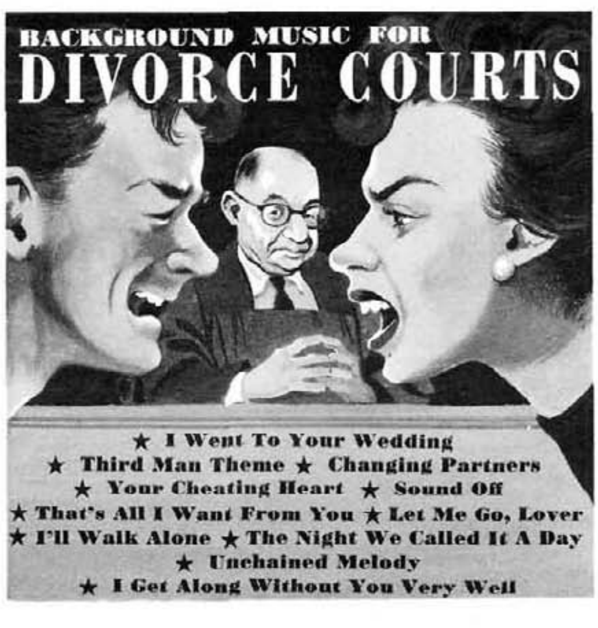
It all started with Jackie Gleason's LP "Music For Lovers Only." Now it looks like this latest trend in record albums . . . mainly these collections of songs for special people or special occasions or special purposes . . . is going a little too far. Before you know it, you'll be seeing things like these record albums of . . .







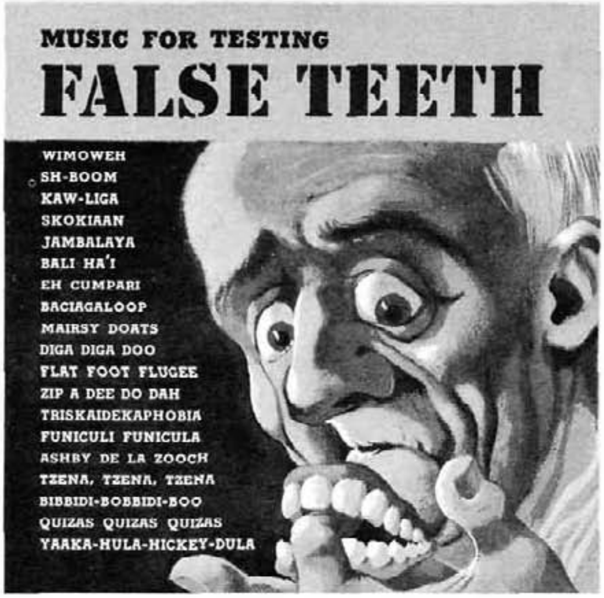




..Has-Been Crooners went to Kooty Valley

Mad Mood Music

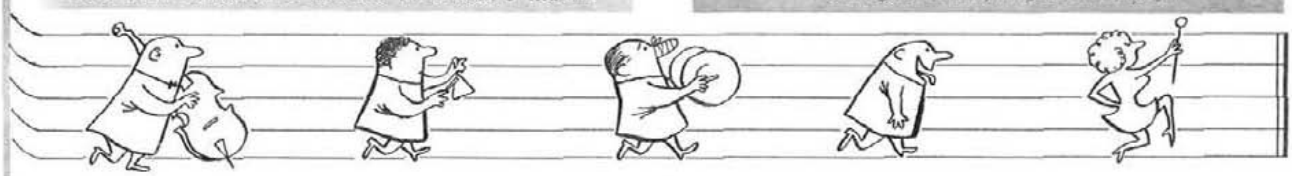
PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE







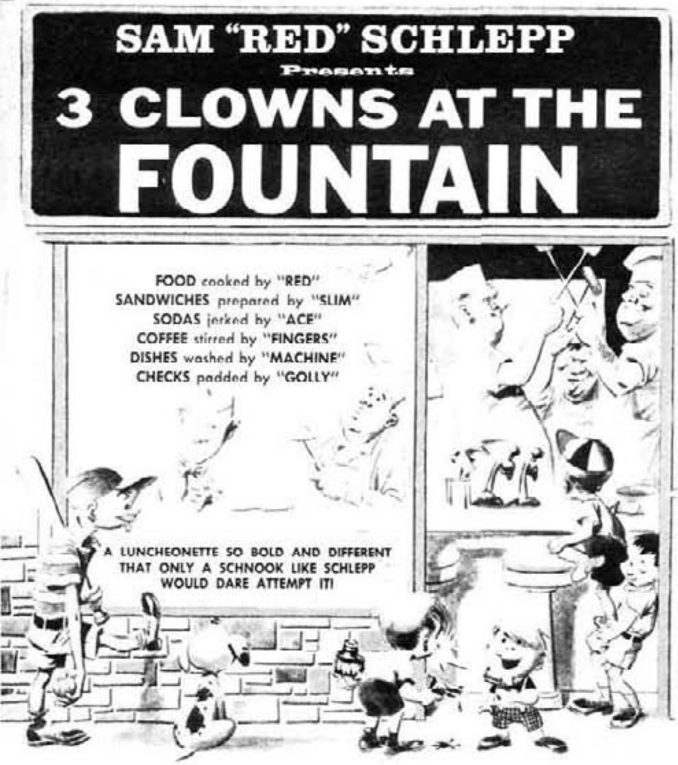




HONORABLE MENTION DEPT.

Out in Hollywood, they give screen credits for every little contribution to a picture, so the whole world knows who did what. Meanwhile, clods like us never get any credits at all, so we remain obscure all of our lives. With this article, MAD initiates a campaign to end this great injustice. What *we'd* like to see are signs posted in every neighborhood store, so nobody goes unnoticed, and everybody gets to read these . . .

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD









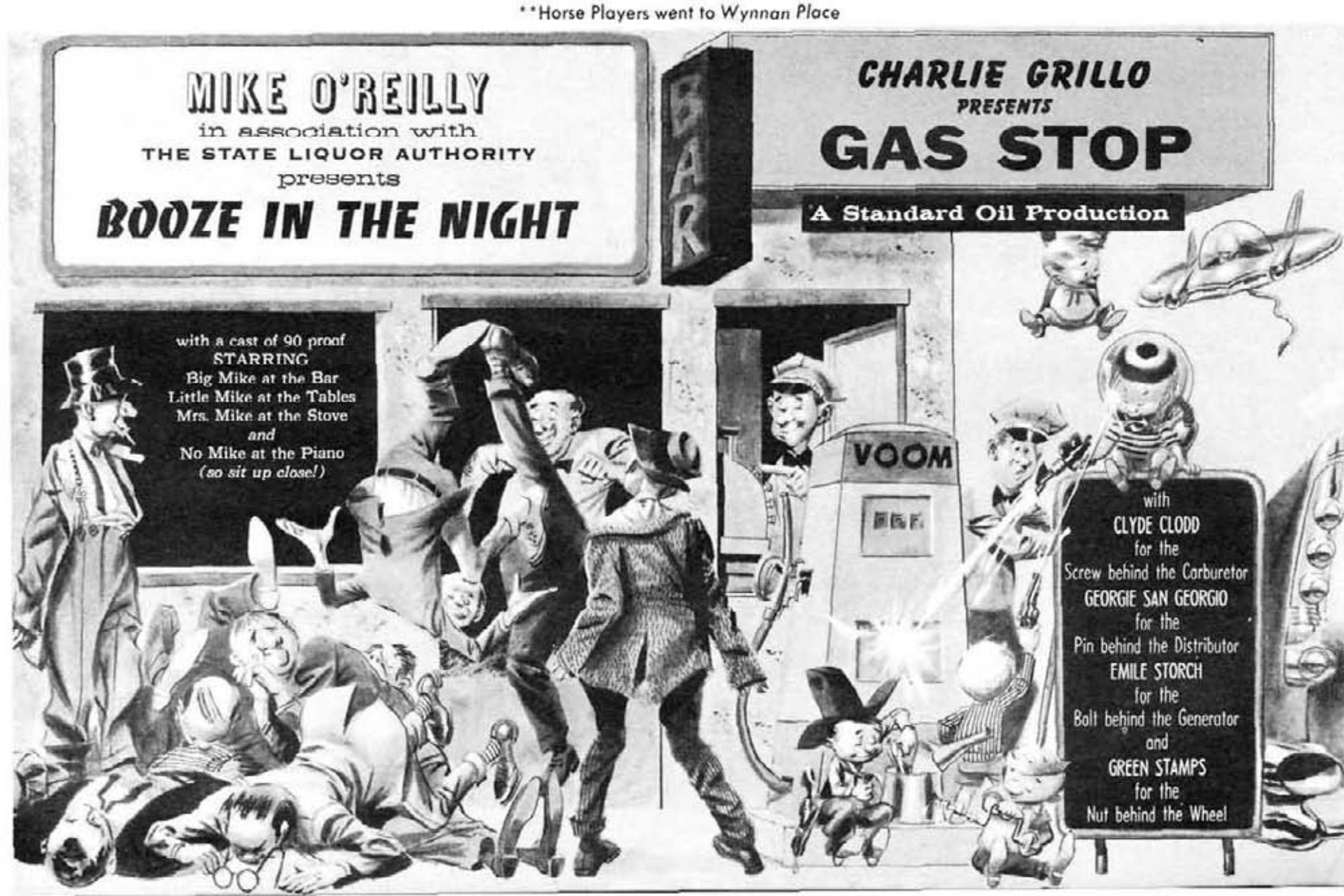
**Dentists went to *Porcelain Bridge*

Credits For The Common Man





**Horse Players went to *Wynnan Place*



**Fishermen went to Shad Row

Of course, once "Credits for the Common Man" becomes common practice, the "ham" in people will start coming out, and they won't be satisfied with their plain old common names. They'll want glamorous names like Tab Hunter or Rock Hudson or Rip Torn. We at MAD figure the next step should be for everybody to change his name to fit his work. F'rinstance, here are examples of

PROFESSIONAL NAMES FOR THE COMMON MAN



LOIS D. NOMINATOR
Arithmetic Teacher


CURT MANNERS
Bus Driver


PHYLLIS GLASS
Bar Maid


MARLON SPYKE
Sailor


AL LACART
Waiter

DIRECTORY

101........JUSTIN CASE, Insurance
102........LANCE BOYLES, M.D.
103........WALTER WALL, Interior Decorator
104........TERRY MYSIN, Druggist
105........MAUDE LYNN, Undertaker
106........EVAN JELLIK, Revivalist
107........MARION ETZ, Puppeteer
108........JERRY MANDER, Politician
109........MYLES LONG, Surveyor
110........SONNY DAY, Weatherman

201........NICK KNACK, Antiques
202........SEYMOUR DIRT, Private Eye
203........FRIEDA TRAVEL, Paid Companion
204........LINDA HAND, Social Worker
205........CARMEN GOSSIP, Columnist
206........DINAH SOAR, Archaeologist
207........LIBBY DOE, Psychologist
208........PATTY WAGON, Policewoman
209........TITUS A. DRUM, Corsets
210........GLADYS C. HUGHES, Receptionist
CARY GRIPP — Porter


MARK CARDS
Gambler


PHIL R. UPP
Gas Station Attendant


STEVE ADORE
Longshoreman


REX KARZ
Parking Lot Attendant


NOAH COUNT
Vagrant


JEAN ANN TONIC
Bar Fly


SKIP TOWN
Embezzler



BOB

BOB & RAY DEPT.

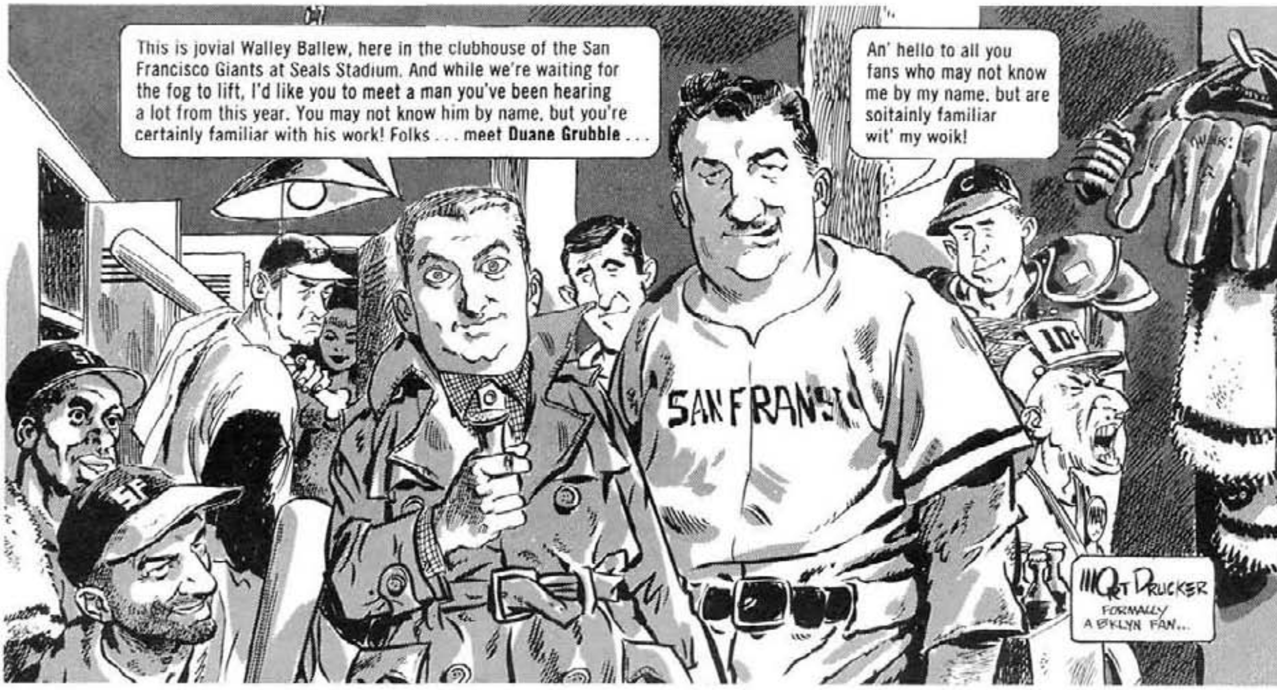
With the Major League races coming down to the wires, we've asked Bob and Ray's ace roving reporter, Wally Ballew, to cover a little-known facet of our great National Game. So, if you're ready, come in Walley Ballew, with your exclusive . . .



RAY

PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER

BASEBALL REPORT



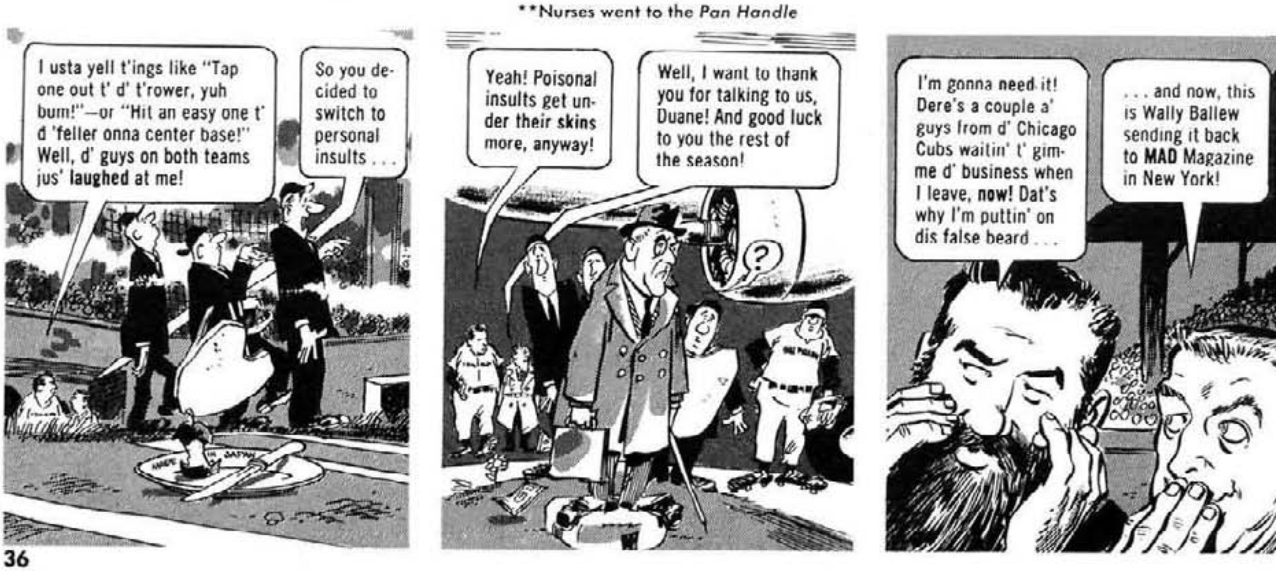





Well, I know batters get a lot of heckling from the enemy dugout . . . but I always thought it was the players who did it.
Players usta do the heckling, Wally! But then, every once inna while, an umpire would t'row a guy outta d' game for heckling. Dat's d' advantage of havin' a specialist like me! Dey can't t'row me outta d' game, 'cause I ain't in it!
KNOCK! KNOCK
PEEK
Sounds like a fool-proof system, all right! And I'm sure that now a lot of fans out there remember seeing you in action . . .
. . . onny from d' gran'stand, dey probably cou'n't hear what I wuz yellin'! How 'bout I give yuh a sample?
AHHH, YER MUDDER PLAYS DE NUMBERS, YUH BUM, YUH!
That's very good, Duane! Just where did you learn to yell that loud?
I usta call trains in Gran' Central Station! Dat's where d' Giant scout discovered me . . .
. . . and he signed you up right there and then, eh?
No, it wuzn't dat easy! I wasn't no bonus heckler, y'know! I hadda come up d' hard way! I heckled fer one season in d' T'ree-I League . . . an' den I spent two years in d' International League before I wuz ready t' move on up t' de big show!
It wuz inna T'ree-I League dat I picked up dis one . . .
AHHH, YER SISTER RAISES RUTABAGAS, YUH BUM, YUH!
WHIRLPOOL BATH

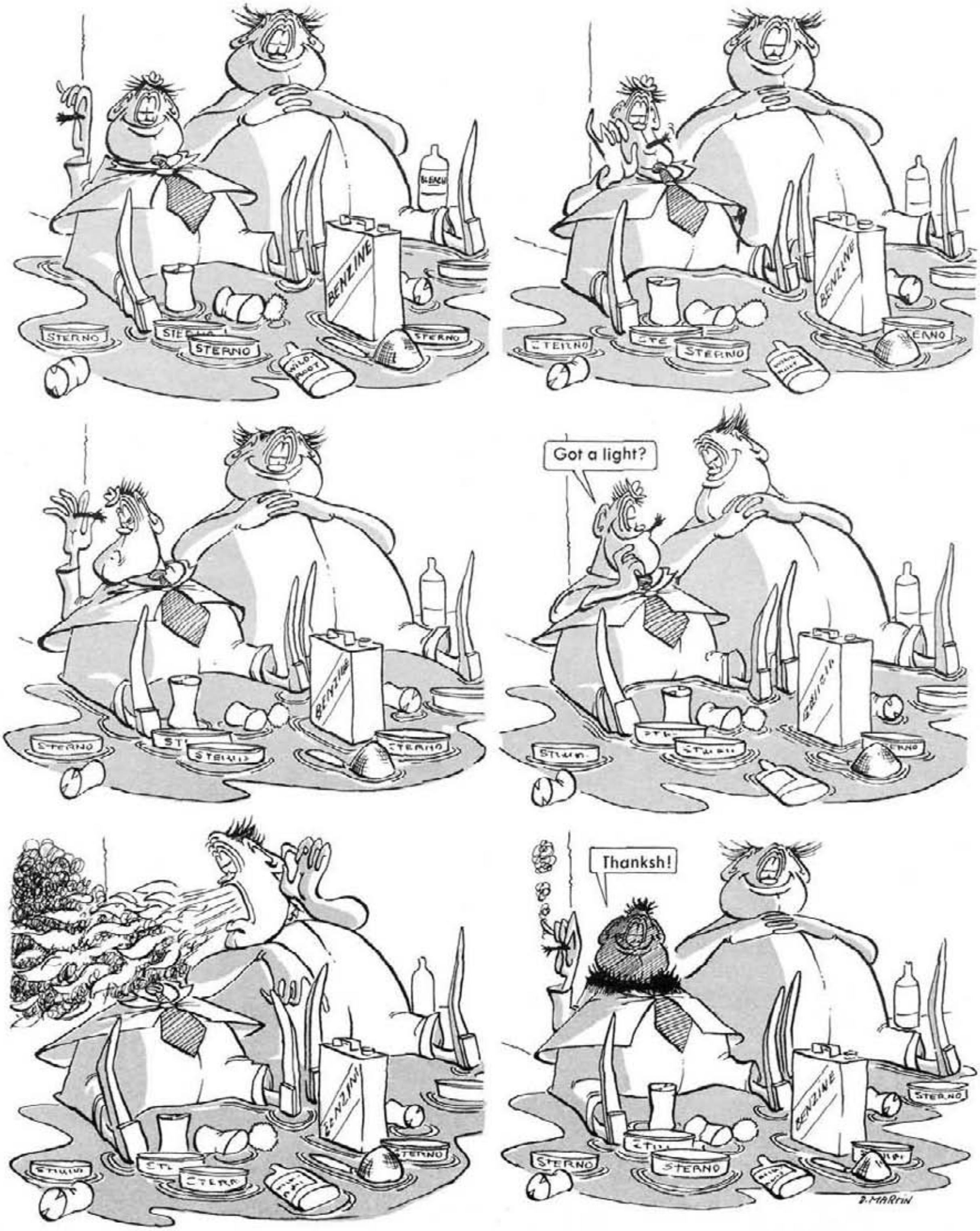


**Nurses went to the *Pan Handle*



Time once again for Don Martin, his volatile humor, and a MAD tale based on his personal experiences . . .

On The Bowery

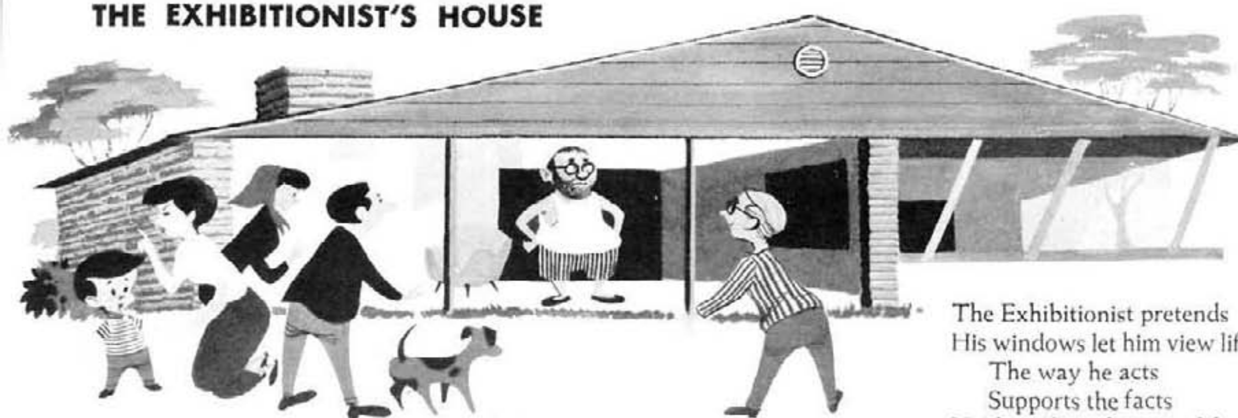


FRAME OF MIND DEPT.

You know why most people are unhappy these days? Conformity! Take houses, f'rinstance. Wherever you go, you see rows and rows of houses that all look the same. Today, everybody has to live like everybody else. And this makes most people unhappy because way

HOUSES TO MATCH

THE EXHIBITIONIST'S HOUSE



The Exhibitionist pretends
His windows let him view life;
The way he acts
Supports the facts
He'd much prefer a zoo life.

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

THE SCHIZOPHRENIC'S HOUSE



The Schizophrenic's ups and downs
Continually are showing;
When free of cares,
He lives upstairs;
When blue, he's in the low wing.

THE EGOTIST'S HOUSE

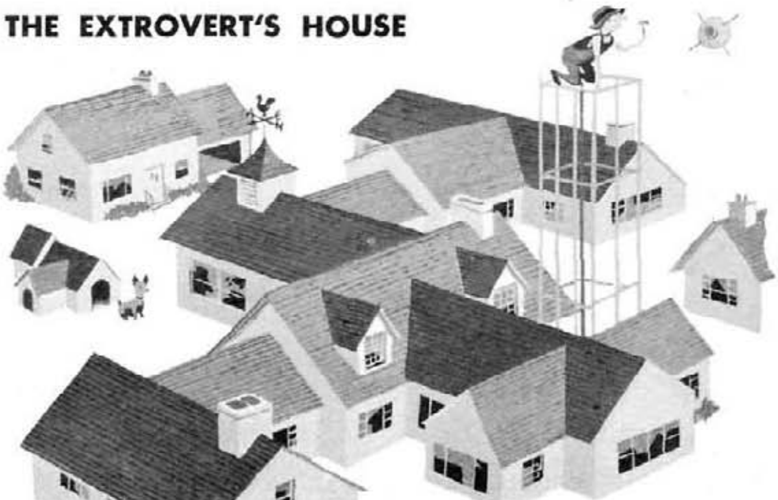


The Egotist shows off his home
Much like a cheap French novel;
This gaudy splash
Exhausts his cash;
The house is just a hovel.

down deep they don't want to conform! They want to be individuals! They want to show their true character! Since you are one of these people (you wouldn't be reading MAD if you weren't!) we've got the solution. All you have to do is build one of these . . .

YOUR PERSONALITY

THE EXTROVERT'S HOUSE



The Extrovert keeps adding wings
In never-ending labors,
In hopes that he
Will always be
Next door to all his neighbors.

THE INTROVERT'S HOUSE



The Introvert likes solitude
And hides his home with greenery;
They blend so well
It's tough to tell
The house from all the scenery.

THE IDEALIST'S HOUSE



Idealists know their ivory towers
Are doomed to fall to pieces;
And yet despite
This woeful plight,
They always sign long leases.

**Gossip Columnists went to *Villa Fye*

THE PHASE ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR DEPT.

There's a lot more to a motion picture than meets the eye. Most of it meets the floor! The cutting-room floor! Yes, a film editor can make or break a Hollywood epic just by what he cuts out. For example, rummaging through some of

SCENES WE NEVER

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD



When the camera closed in on Frank Sinatra and that fabulous cannon, a wary film editor



The big scene in this picture with William Holden and Kim Novak had to be cut short when

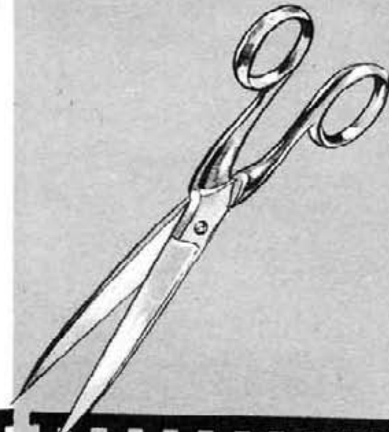


 The last part of this love scene between Sophia Loren and Alan Ladd never hit the screen

the most respectable garbage cans in "Filmland", we came across discarded scraps of celluloid containing these . . .

GOT TO SEE

..Space Engineers went to Free Falls





preserved the illusion that it had been constructed at . . . . . . great expense?



it was proven graphically that a picnic is no picnic . . . . . . without them ants!



because the rising tide exposed daring, brave Alan as . . . . . . no man to look up to!



We wonder how many guys would have wished they were Burt Lancaster in that scene when he



They say it's all in a days work for actors to be subjected to danger. And if this scene

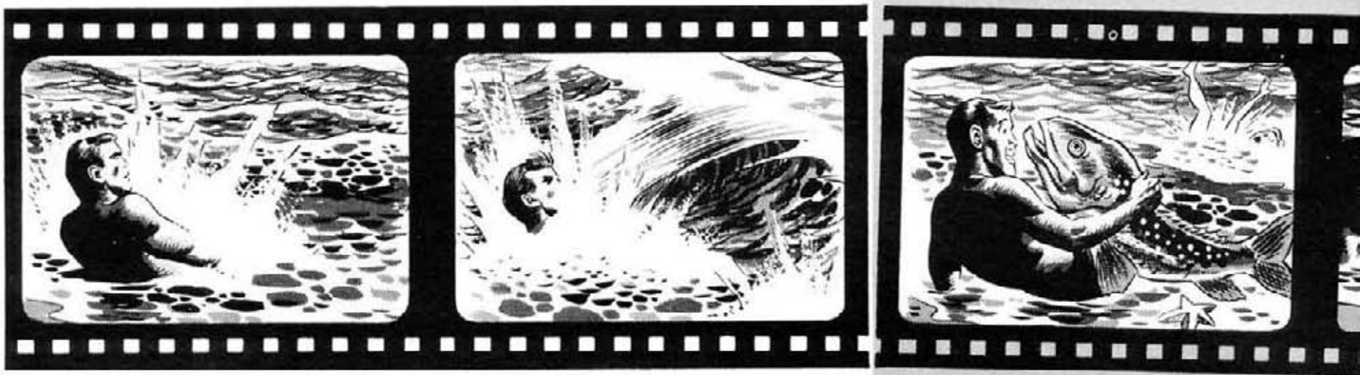


Never one to pinch pennies, Cecil B. DeMille still winced when they had to lop thousands



 Now, the French film editor works a little differently. Take this scene when Brigitte

**Racketeers went to *Double Crossings*



made love to Deborah Kerr on the beach, if they'd known . . . . . . something was fishy!



hadn't been cut, we would have observed Bill Holden's . . . . . . occupational hazard!



of dollars of footage from scene showing the "Exodus" . . . . . . from Ancient Egypt?

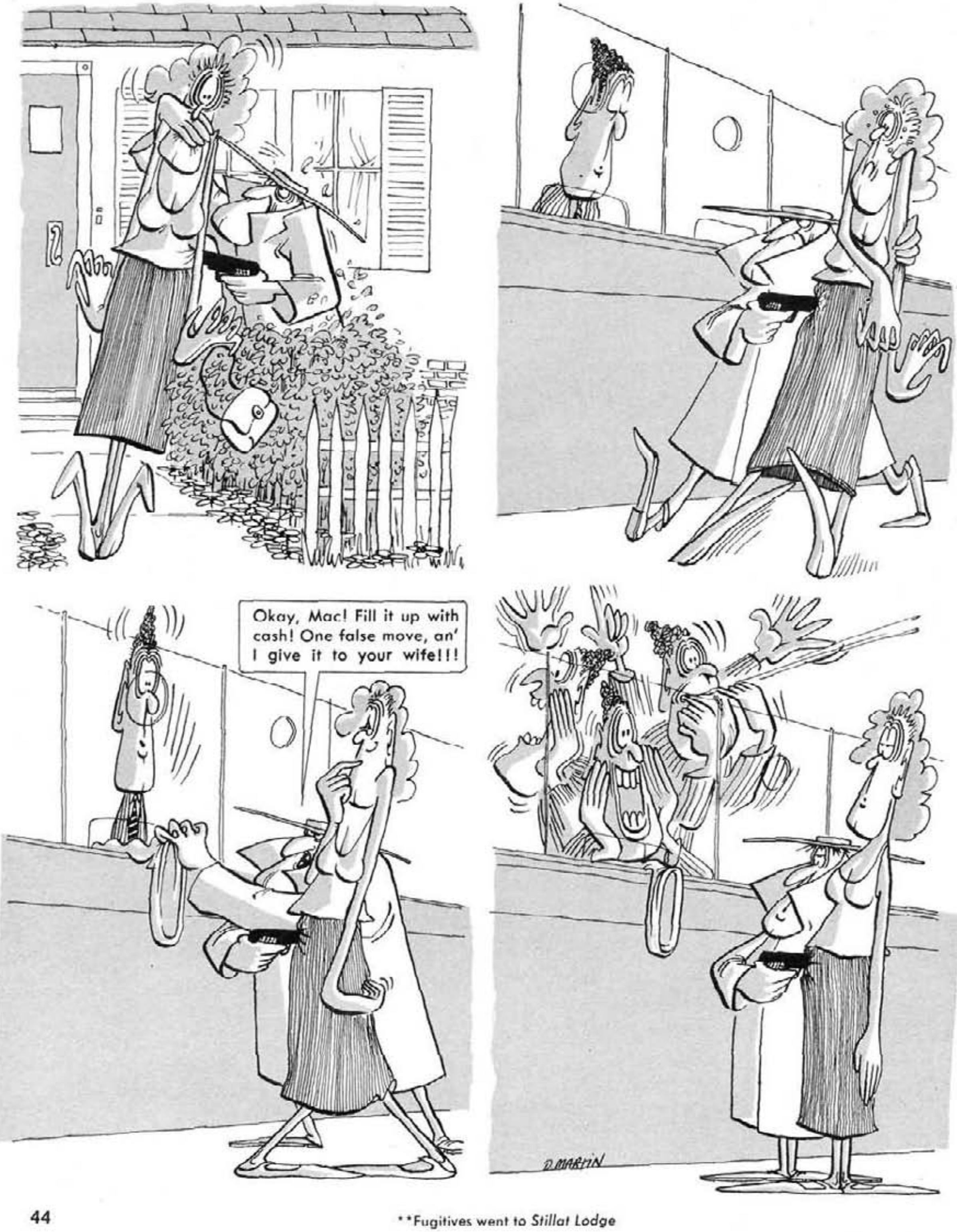


Bardot figured a bathrobe would dress things up a bit . . . . . . VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

And now, for a parting shot by Don Martin, here's a MAD tale calculated to steel your nerves and steal your heart . . . .

The Great Bank Robbery



**Fugitives went to *Stillat Lodge*

COLLEGE CATALOG DEPT.

Since the recent announcement of the founding of Alfred E. Neuman University, we have been snowed under by mail (It was only three letters and a postcard, but we have a midget letter-carrier who snows under easy!) from High School students who plan to go on to college, but have no desire to continue their education. In answer to these requests, The Board of Trustee now brings you . . .

BULLETIN of ALFRED E. NEUMAN UNIVERSITY 1958-1959

Day, Evening and Cutting Classes



O L D   N O R T H   H A L L

Located at the south end of A.E.N.U.'s campus, this charming edifice once housed the best-equipped Chemistry Lab in the U.S.

PICTURES BY JOE ORLANDO

So, before you decide on which college you're going to attend, turn MAD sideways *like* this, see what Alfred E. Neuman University has to offer, and go someplace else.

**Football Players went to *Farewood Pass*

GENERAL INFORMATION

REQUIREMENTS FOR DEGREE

In the field of liberal arts, the student may work toward a Bachelor of Arts degree (B.A.), a Messer in Anthropology degree (M.A.), or a Putterer in the History of Denmark degree (Ph. D.).

To qualify for the B.A. degree, the student must have completed 120 trimestral units of work, with the trimestral unit consisting of ⅔ of a quarter hour, or .86 of a semester hour, except in the field of foreign languages where two years of German are required for all Pre-Embalming students, unless such work shall already have been completed prior to the Spring Semester of 1955, and except in the Graduate School where 90 trimestral units may be submitted to the Board of Trustee just for kicks.

There are absolutely no exceptions to this rule, unless a student is attending under terms of the G.I. Bill, and he don't have to unless he wants to.

Notice of intention to file for a degree must be made at the Registrar's Office not later than the third Monday of the second previous month following the end of last semester, unless such Monday shall fall on a week-end.

TUITION

Each student will be billed at his (unless he's a her) dormitory during the first week of the semester. Students are urged not to expect to get off easy.

COLLEGE OF GRADUATE STUDY

We don't have one of them.

OUT OF STATE STUDENTS

Student residing out of this state will not be permitted to incur illness while they are in temporary residence on campus. For this reason, the Student Health Fee for out-of-state undergraduates shall be applied instead to the purchase of pinochle cards for the Faculty Lounge.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION

ANTHROPOLOGY

B-119. Melanesian Frog Worship. 3 hours credit. Mr. Umbala.

8:30 M—W—F. Room 116. Empty Hall.

A survey course designed to show the beginning student just how ridiculous anthropology really is. Lab sessions concentrate on ceremonial incense burning, offering of human sacrifices, and appeasement of the great god, UUaauu. Demonstration of fertility rites banned this semester by police order.

C-254. Cottoning up to Pygmies. 2 hours credit. Mr. Umfumkau

10:30 T—Th. Furnace Room. Pall Hall.

An invaluable course for would-be anthropologists who are planning to do advanced work among these nasty little people. Lectures *and reading deal with getting used to pygmy smell, how to laugh off* being burned at the stake, what to do while waiting for the witch doctor to come, etc.

BOTANY

B-124. The Sweet William: Friend or Foe? 1 hour credit. Sweet William Gruber, M.S.

9:30—S Hogan's Lot.

Practical information for students intending to make the Sweet William their life's work. Also recommended for clods, since the course consists of nothing but pulling the petals off flowers.

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

A-107. Principles of Bankruptcy. 2½ hours credit. Mr. Mellon.

10:30 M—W—F. Suit 934. Mellon Investment Trust.

A thorough survey of fly-by-night operations. How to fold gracefully. How to shake creditors. Where to hide. How to keep drawing your salary when there is no money left.

B-226. Looking Busy in the Modern Office. 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Goldbrick.

11:30 T—Th—S. Revolving door of Teztlaff Hall.

Required of all students enrolled in the Junior Executive program. Course concentrates on pencil-sharpening, secretary-pinching, desk-drawer-rummaging, staring out the window, fingernail-filing, and how to look like you're working while recovering from a hangover.

C-303. Juggling the Books for Fun and Profit. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Procter.

10:30 M—F. Belmont Park.

Dr. Procter joins the Neuman faculty this term after a number of years at Ossining, N. Y. He brings with him a fund of knowledge on how to keep that second set of books, where to hide when the auditors come, and how to agree to make restitution and then not do it.

ENGLISH

A-127. How to Rede and Spel Gud. 4 Hours Credit. Dr. Webster.

8:30 M—T—Th—F. Room 327. Hira Hall.

A remedial course for students who weren't listening in grammar school. Class members learn to write their names, and phrase simple telegrams sending home for money.

B-387. Plagiarism. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Berle.

10:30 T—Th. Room 2397. Back Hall.

Required of all students planning to take Television Writing. Includes such well known lectures as "To Lift or Not to Lift", "What to Do Till the Copyright Expires," "Convincing the Jury You Naturally Think Like Goodman Ace," etc.

C-202. The Writings of Melvin Coznowfsky. Credit where credit is due. Mrs. Coznowfsky.

1:30 M—T—Th—F. Room 6. Upstairs Hall.

Open only to students who have had the prerequisite course B-197, "Deciphering Melvin Coznowfsky's Handwriting." This course deals with Mr. Coznowfsky's letters written home from overseas during the war, his post-war grocery lists, and unsigned poison-pen letters mailed to various draft boards, internal revenue offices, etc.

Medical students prepare to perform autopsy at Couznofski Memorial Hospital.





Liberal regulations allow Neuman co-eds to take part in off-campus activities.

FRENCH

B-327. Racy French Novels. No credit, but well worthwhile. Miss LaRue.

10:30 M—W—F. Room 238. Andthatisnt Hall.

Designed primarily for students who have an hour open with nothing better to do before lunch. Prerequisite is Biology C-546.

JOURNALISM

A-206. Introduction to Advertising Agency Thinking. 3 Hours Credit. Mr. Batten, Mr. Barton, Mr. Durstine and Mr. Tanakawa.

10:30 M—W—F. Conference Room. B.B.D. & T. Office.

This course is designed to acquaint the advertising student with the necessity of not thinking for himself. Seminar sessions will be held in talking off the top of the head, shooting ideas into space to see if they orbit, and tossing commercial copy on the floor to walk around it.

B-404. Account Executivesmanship. 1 Hour Credit. Mr. Blathersfield.

9:30 Th. First Tee. Neuman Country Club.

Formerly offered as B-403, "Expense Account Padding," this course has now been expanded to cover such fields as the sweeping statement, the garbled non-sequitur, martini consumption, and the hollow laugh.



"Sophomore Frolics" variety show always draws full house at Ford Auditorium.

KLEFTNOBULISM

A-102. Introduction to Kleftnobulism. 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Unversaw.

8:30 M—W—F. Room 327. Tammany Hall.

Required of all students planning to major in kleftnobulism. Covers such basic subjects as the validation of the grommet, the need for spring action, the preparation of the hornslip, and the final adjustments before doing the thing itself.

B-216. Intermediate Kleftnobulism. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Flang.

9:30 T—Th. Room 414. Downthe Hall.

A continuation of A-102. In this course, the students actually do it under close faculty supervision. Part of the semester also is devoted to cleaning up the debris afterward.

C-338. Advanced Kleftnobulism. 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Hunchberg.

1:30 M—W—F. Room 2. Hallowed Hall.

Open only to graduate students who are no longer just horsing around with this thing. Course features independent study of the Feinblatt factor, and crazy theories of the instructor.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

C-302. Canoe Paddling. 3 Hours Credit. Mr. Laughing Bear.

9:30 T—Th—S. Mud Lake.

For advanced students who already have completed B-107, "Ukelele Strumming." Course covers paddling down waterfalls, mending ripped bottoms, losing the oars overboard, and drifting with the current up a moonlit stream.

D-238. Underwater Breathing. Two hours credit. Mr. Bass.

8:30 T—Th. Bottom of Mud Lake.

Open to physical education majors who can't seem to learn to swim, this course covers sinking, deep wading, new lung habits, and drowning. Not recommended for students with future plans of any kind.

A-103. Necking. No credit, but oh boy. Mr. Flynn and Miss LaTesh.

10:30 P.M. M—T—W—Th—F—S. Just off State Highway 16.

Required of all freshmen planning to enroll in B-110, "Drive-In Theater Tactics" during the spring semester. This course covers the basic formations of the back seat offensive, one-arm driving, various simple holds, and what to do when the police turn on their spotlight.

PSYCHOLOGY

B-234. Loony Behavior. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Pavlov.
11:30 T—Th. Room 116. Outinthe Hall.

Basically designed to help students (who are now considered a little odd) go over the top. Lecture periods include instruction in nose whistling, development of facial tics, unprovoked shrieking and saliva bubbling.

ZOOLOGY

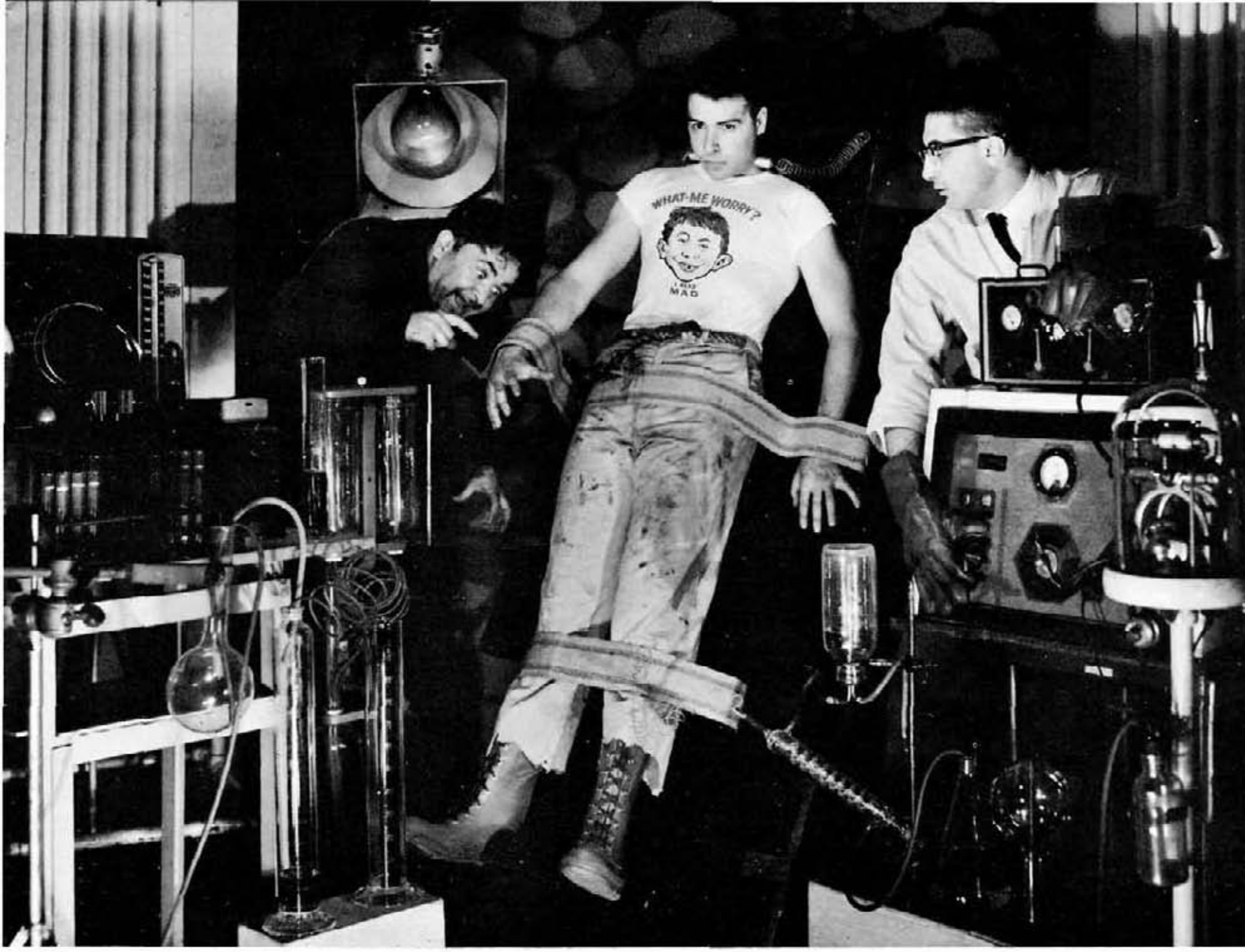
C-328. Bone Structure of the Ibex. 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Glfkx.

12:30 M—W—F. Room 309. Drafty Hall.

This is the last year we're offering this course, unless somebody takes it.

Science scores again as another experiment succeeds in the biology laboratory.





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MEN & WOMEN					
CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE
34″ – 37″	MS	37″ – 41″	MM	41″ – 44″	ML

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